



# messing about in **BOATS**

**Special Features This Issue**  
"Canoeing the Cascapédia" - "Lake Powell Adventure"  
"More About *Mirabella V*" - "Marvel Mystery Oil"

Volume 22 - Number 16

January 1, 2005



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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



January 1, 2005, start of another year, this year we complete 22 years of publication as of the May 1 issue and carry on into our 23rd, no end in sight. I am now 75 and have successfully fended off retirement notions ten years beyond the traditional 65, no end in sight for that either. I suppose if I were to retire I would find plenty to occupy my time, but I would miss the daily mail and all the interesting stuff it brings, the ongoing interchange with so many of you, and, of course, the modest income that makes it possible for me to not have to rely only on the scanty Social Security check that shows up each month. Income from the magazine is sufficient for our needs (we're not conspicuous consumers) so we can just toss the Social Security checks into the bank for our old age.

In the past few years I have increasingly heard from readers concerned about my health, usually when they do not get, for one reason or another, an issue on time. Every issue that is mailed results in a dozen or so non-deliveries through the inevitable mishaps of the U.S. Mail's handling of bulk mail delivery. It used to be that the aggrieved reader assumed I hadn't mailed his copy yet, but now it seems to have shifted over to concern that something had happened to me that prevented me from mailing his copy. I reassure such callers (there have been several this past year) that I am in good health, not to worry, and then proceed to determine how or why his copy did not get to him.

I do realize that by the time one reaches 75, if one makes it that far at all (how did I ever get this far given my lack of concern about "safety"?), it is commonplace to be already suffering from the ravages of age. I am, I am. My hearing, damaged in my motorcycle racing days, needs the help of a hi tech, costly hearing aid. My eyesight needs not only reading glasses but now some help when driving. My short term memory is sadly deficient, requiring prominent reminders for the important stuff. I fall asleep reading evenings after only a dozen hours of activity.

But I do not have any physiological problems and am never sick. This past year I had a bout with a recurrence of Lyme Disease first incurred four years ago. This manifested itself in swollen knees which required the removal of the excess fluids accumulated

therein as my body's autoimmune system went after the presumed baccili. I say presumed because there was no new infection, but rather an arousal of dormant germs still going around in my blood stream. The inability to fully bend my knees made it awkward getting up and down or into and out of my truck, and I could not get down on my knees to do tasks like tiling the back hall floor. Inconvenient, but otherwise not interfering in everyday life very much.

While my continuing work at publishing this little magazine is in part driven by financial need, it is also driven by my conviction that one must have a purpose in life greater than self gratification. When that purpose, as mine is, is also a fascinating and continually rewarding one in satisfaction, it is what is known as a win/win situation. I know from your many notes on renewals that you find much enjoyment on our pages, thus my purpose is being realized.

Keeping it up as the years add up? Preparing an issue every two weeks keeps my mind exercised. My bicycling keeps my body exercised. Why not boaty exercise like rowing? I have been urged to adopt sliding seat rowing, as readers will have noted in letters published on that topic. Paddling my kayaks would provide some exercise, not as complete as the rowing, but I no longer will go out alone in a small boat, nor on my mountain bike off road. Finding congenial companionship for paddling or off road bicycling is not easily achieved, the outings available in both games around here cater to younger, more aggressive participants and I do not wish to burden them with my limitations. Bicycling on the roads alone is OK as should anything untoward happen, someone is always coming along.

So my boating activities pretty much are focused on continuing to turn out this magazine every two weeks. Not to worry, it will continue. Should the unexpected happen and I become unable to do so, you will be informed of what will be done about it.

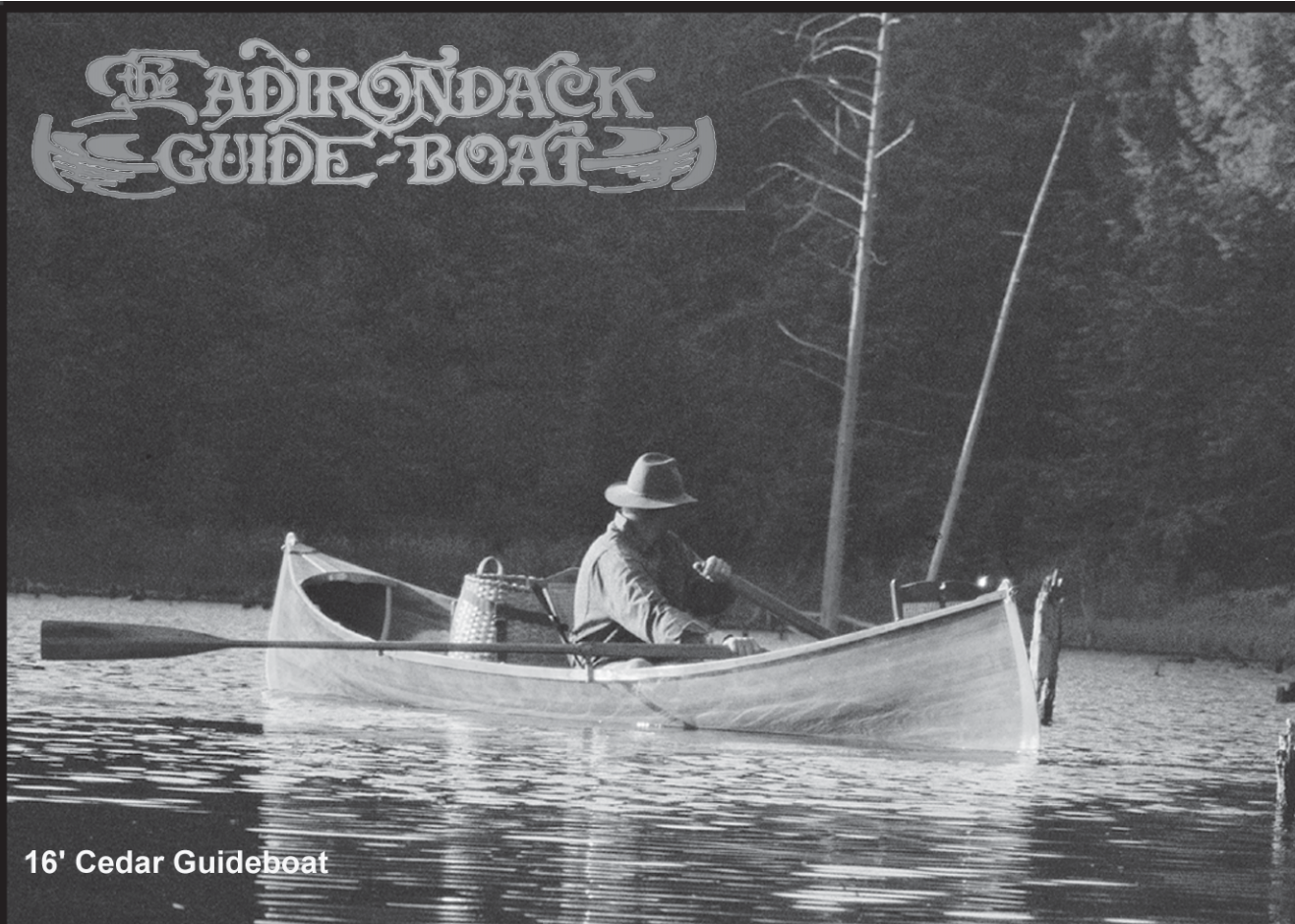
I am counting, however, on my genes to carry me onward. My mother lived to be 100 without health problems, my father 91 with minor health problems, both functional up until the last few months of their long lives. This leaves me something between 15 and 25 years yet to play with.

## On the Cover...

When Jeff Blunck's Bolger Sneakeasy had motor trouble at a recent Lake Powell small craft gathering, he got a tow from Chuck Leinweber's sailboat. Full report on this gathering in this issue.



# The ADIRONDACK GUIDE-BOAT



16' Cedar Guideboat

June 18-20 No Octane Regatta, Blue Mtn Lake, NY  
 June 19-20 Clearwater Festival, Croton-on-Hudson  
 June 26-7 Vermont Outdoor's Woman, Stowe VT  
 July 16-8 Adirondack Living, Lake Placid, NY  
 July 17-8 Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, VT  
 July 30-1 Aug Champlain Valley Folk Festival  
 July 30-1 Aug Finger Lakes Antique Boat Show NY  
 July 30-Aug 1 Shelburne Museum, Shelburne, VT  
 Aug 6-8 Antique & Classic Boatshow Clayton NY  
 Aug 6-8 Hildene Arts Fest, Manchester, VT  
 Aug 13-15 Maine Boats & Harbors, Rockland ME  
 Aug 20-22 Lake Placid Art Fest, Lake Placid NY  
 Sep 10-12 Port Townsend Wooden Boat Fest WA  
 Sep 23-6 Norwalk Boat Show, Norwalk, CT  
 Sep 24-6 Eastern States Expo, Springfield MA  
 Oct 1-3 Hildene Arts Fest, Manchester, VT  
 Oct 8-10 Stowe Arts Festival, Stowe, VT  
 Nov 4-7 Philadelphia Museum of Art Craftshow  
 Nov 5-7 Fine Furnishings Show, Providence, RI  
 Nov 13-4 Adirondack Living, Purchase NY  
 (Just to be safe, call or e-mail to confirm show dates.)



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"Once you get into one of these boats you won't want to get out." Vogue

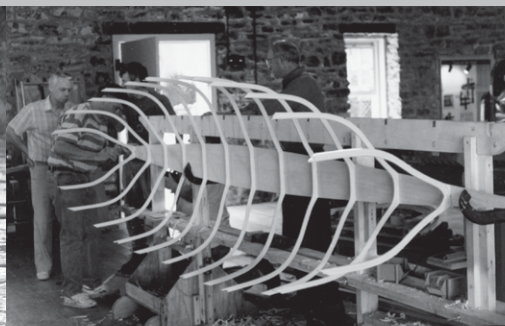
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12' Kevlar Packboat

15' Cedar Guideboat Kit

15' Kevlar Guideboat



# You write to us about...

## Opinions...

### Says It All

Your "Commentary" in the October 15 issue "says it all." Simpler is better, the sooner learned the longer to be enjoyed!

Victor Pennes, Poughkeepsie, NY

### The Wooden Boat Show

Your observations and commentary on the Wooden Boat Show in Newport, Rhode Island, this past summer expresses a similar sentiment as have many I've talked to about some of the recent shows.

I attended the Wooden Boat Show at Mystic Seaport in 2000, where I showed Bitty Kat, my little catboat. I thought the price was a little excessive then, it seems very excessive now. I have talked to several folks who attended the show when it was held in Michigan a couple of years ago, and they share your "on target" assessment.

Many with whom I've have spoken who have attended recent boat shows hold the viewpoint that it is too much money to look at the same kayaks and canoes. It seems like it's mostly small boats under 16'. That's fine, but where are the bigger boats? The classics, antiques, Aldens, Herreshoffs, etc. There are always some, but not the numbers as in the past. These are not the shows of the '80s and '90s. To pay that kind of money to see pretty much the same type of boats every year may have something to do with low attendance.

Having to pay \$15 each, a family with a couple of kids may go once, but to get them back to see more of the same, nice as they may be, is difficult. There are also venues now for small boats that were not around ten years ago, or at least not what they are today with so many more amateur and professional builders and restorers supporting them.

The Wooden Boat Show seems to be aiming more toward the amateur and professional builders as attendees rather than trying to attract the general public that might expect impressive yachts and classics. They might be disappointed and not return and may not have much positive to say.

My expectations at the 2000 show in Mystic were not at all met in terms of what numbers of privately owned boats I thought would be there. Fortunately, Mystic has a collection of their own and I did find plenty to look at and enjoy. I'm not sure if I would feel the same about the recent show in Newport.

I do think there is something going on that keeps the public from attending. Is it that so many have been converted to become amateur builders and restorers, possibly by the influence of this fine magazine, and are now too busy with their own projects to go so far for the price of admission? Could it be that the show needs a better assessment of the target market and look at a few changes. Would it help to get more privately owned boats in the water as in the past?

Lowering the admission price and promoting the show to reach a wider market

would likely be a step in the right direction. Our local chapter of the Antique and Classic Boat Society has a superb show; over 85 bigger boats in the water and half that again (yes, canoes, too!) on land display, with vendors and attendees from a large multi-state region. Cost of admission? FREE! Every year the number of people attending is up. So are the vendor sales numbers.

If I wanted to I could attend any show I choose, the price of travel and admission notwithstanding. While I would want to see the same builders, designers, and vendors each year as an indication of the strength of the market and its future health, new ones as well are needed. An admission price consistent with what I expect, seeing new, different, and exciting vessels, would not be a problem... maybe.

I think more boats in the water (lots of wood and varnish with a touch of polished bronze, tall spars, flags and banners, etc.) and on land, promoted well and targeted toward the curious general public as well as potential boat owners, buyers, etc., would help keep costs down by attracting larger numbers of interested people.

I'll conclude my comments by recommending a video, if it can still be found. The title is *Wooden Boats, Dreams & Realities*. It describes the Wooden Boat show in Newport in 1993. It covers many types of boats; custom, antique, classic, unique ones from amateurs and pros. Yes, kayaks, too! It's really a fun video to watch. I can't remember where I originally got it, but it is from Shaw Productions, P.O. Box 444, McFarland, WI 53558.

Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY

### SEDA Sticks By Specialty Kayaks

Anyone involved with paddle sports for some time must have noticed how the selling of canoes and kayaks has drastically changed ever since the consolidation in the market five years ago. The big three leading conglomerates, which were created through the acquisitions of many small companies, took the distribution of kayaks and canoes to the next level to suit their needs. They created cheap brands and started selling kayaks to big box discount chain stores. Lately these brands began overlapping and the differences disappeared.

Specialty dealers promoted such brands for decades and got hurt. They cannot compete profitably with huge discount chain stores that buy kayaks by container loads at lower prices. Old dealer loyalty of the acquired small manufacturers has fallen by the wayside. Whoever gives the largest order gets to sell the line. We hear such complaints from many of our long time SEDA dealers. Specialty dealers with many years of experience are disenchanted with the present kayak market. We at SEDA stayed independent and loyal to our dealers and we make excellent products.

It does not have to be a secret any longer that we at SEDA have been manufacturing, under private label, Dagger and Perception composite touring kayaks. This is our spe-

cialty. A *Popular Mechanics* article back in 1974 mentioned us as the first company using Kevlar in kayaks. More than half of our production these days are ultralight and tough kayaks using the cutting edge of composite technology. The parent company of Perception and Dagger brand gave us notice that they are discontinuing the marketing of composite kayaks.

We hear comments from store owners such as, "I have decided to be a legitimate specialty store again, promote and sell the flagships of the kayaking sport only, high tech composite kayaks, and will forget fighting price wars with chain stores. I am dropping such and such brand. I have to sell 10 to 15 of their cheap plastic kayaks to generate the same profit when I sell one of yours. There is no money in mass marketed kayaks these days. Can I please become your SEDA Authorized Dealer?"

Huge advertising programs and promotions turned kayaking into a fad. Many new companies jumped on the bandwagon. Cut-throat competition and ever lower prices of plastic kayaks created an image with the public that a kayak is something you sit in on the water and that kayak should cost about \$299.99 with paddle included.

The big three could not grow by making specialty high performance composite kayaks. We at SEDA specialize in producing these top of the line kayaks. We have been at it for 35 years. Avid kayakers, who paddle for exercise and go on adventure outings, regularly seek our SEDA kayaks by name. Our SEDA customers are willing to pay for quality of design and for durable, lightweight composite construction.

Our SEDA dealers can earn money for their expertise in selling our brand of kayaks. They are interested in selling a top of the line, recognized composite kayak brand. They provide knowledgeable advice while selling the very best in kayaks. They strive to be the specialty outdoor sports retailer and avoid competing with big box stores.

We at SEDA have been building the finest kayaks, canoes, and accessories since 1969 and have built strong customer goodwill over these many years. We diligently refer all leads to our dealers and we offer large territorial protection. Our policy is to sell to specialty dealers only. Outfitters such as NOLS, Outward Bound, and many others use our kayaks for their long-term durability over polyethylene Tupperware boats.

Josef Sedivec, Founder/Owner SEDA Products Inc., 926 Coolidge Ave., National City, CA 91950, [www.sedakayak.com](http://www.sedakayak.com), [info@sedakayak.com](mailto:info@sedakayak.com)

### Towing Tenders

From the look of Richard Smith's tender pictured in the November 1 issue ("You write to us about...") I'd say it was too far back. All boats, when up to speed, create a following wave. When towing a tender, the best position for it is on the forward side of this following wave. In this position it tends to surf downhill on the wave, while if it is on the back side it is being towed uphill, so to speak. Once the tender is in the correct position, the painter will sometimes go quite slack as the wind and other waves act on the tender, but it will not pull so hard.

Richard Knight, Naples, FL



## Complicated Rather Than Improved

After reading your excellent August 1 "Commentary" and subsequent criticisms of your position, I feel it necessary to support your stance. I applaud your resistance to complicate your life by getting online. I have also been criticized as having backward views, but I think a more appropriate label would be to describe myself as anti-progressive.

Most folks are taken aback when I describe myself this way. The reason I embrace anti-progressive tendencies is because I believe a lot of so-called progress is anything but progress. I see our increased dependence upon cell phones, computers, and other conveniences as a means to our end (pardon the pun). When these entities fail, modern life comes to a screeching halt. Paper and pencils rarely fail; they seldom force businesses to shut down until a repair technician arrives. And they are significantly cheaper as well.

My anti-progressive views are rather ironic because I was a computer repair technician and programmer before getting involved in boat design. After many years of building and repairing PCs, I began to realize that all this technology has mostly complicated our lives instead of improving it. Not only has technology forced us to become dependent, but it has also nurtured expectations of convenience and instant gratification. Perhaps I'm old-fashioned, but I was raised to believe that independence and delayed gratification for one's labors are virtues which are demonstrative of one's character.

I still keep up to date with technology, mainly to stay ahead of it and keep it in its place. Orwellian catastrophization aside, I do maintain my own website promoting my boat design business. I do use email and other tools of technology. But I maintain the understanding that these are just tools, not justifications in and of themselves. I maintain these technologies as a convenience to my clients, not to myself. If they shut down, I've taken precautions that my business does not. And I agree with you that the postal system is still a good way to communicate.

Semper epistula mittere.

Michael D. Dauscher, Three Rivers Marineworks, New Haven, IN

## Watch Out Arlie

Arlie Fagan in that car hood boat (Ray Stockwell's letter in November 15 issue) looks just like what I would expect from an antique outboard motor enthusiast. I know several of those people and they all have one thing in common. They don't take life too seriously. I bet if Arlie don't get forward quick after he cranks that old piece of junk, he is going to put that cigarette out. My uncle made one of those death traps out of two '39 Ford hoods. It is at the bottom of the deepest pond on our place along with his tackle box and a Harrington & Richardson break top .22 revolver. There is a story about one of those rigs in a book by Robert Penn Warren... had the same outcome.

Robb White, Thomasville, GA



## Projectas...

### No More Staring Straight into the Eye of Death

The sailing canoe cover on the September 1 issue re-aroused a brief enthusiasm for my sailing canoe, but I'm spoiled by my Chesapeake skiff. Hiking out and staring straight into the eye of death no longer appeals to me. And, I'm even considering a two masted rig for *Syncopation*.

I recently bought Platt Monfort's 14' Whitehall kit. I once built two concrete Whitehalls, the second in 20 minutes over the first! Perhaps I'll qualify for some sort of recognition for having built the heaviest and the lightest Whitehalls. It's a project for the winter.

Thanks for publishing the amusing "Sliding into Sleeper" photos. I think the combination of technical, cultural, and historical articles in the September 1 issue was perfect. Reinhard Zollitsch is a first class author, as are the others.

Derek Van Loan, Mill Valley, CA

### Vicarious Building

This Murray Peterson 28' schooner was built just down the road from my woodcarving shop in West Barnstable, Massachusetts, by Ned Crosby's E.M. Crosby Boatworks, so I had opportunity follow its building. Ned is the grandson of the legendary Chester A. Crosby of Osterville and was able to hire on two of his grandfather's former workers for the traditional plank on frame construction project. The design is considered to be Peterson's greatest achievement; he drew it for his family late in his life. It is a handsome and rugged boat that offers the feel of a yacht twice its size.

Paul White, West Barnstable, MA



## Building a Chebacco

In response to your request for amateur builders to 'fess up about their projects, I am moved by my experience (and it continues, I'm in dirty clothes at the computer waiting for the sun to warm up the barn for some end of season epoxy work) to write about how I went from a boat itch, to seeking advice from Mike O'Brien at *WoodenBoat* magazine, to talking/evaluating/sleeping on different designs and getting scuttle butt, and finally, based on price, skill level, car size, reputation, design, group of website fellow builders, going with Phil Bolger and his sheet plywood Chebacco.

This decision was influenced by the *WoodenBoat* Forum on construction on the internet, with its helpers and opinionated dreamer populations of advice/dogma/blather givers, and the fellow Chebacco owner who gave us an afternoon of joy sailing with him. This convinced my wife and firmed up my conviction.

Okay. Got the old electric blanket draped on the boat to warm up/set epoxied plywood, got to find the grinder and sander to level the playing field. Maybe there's xynole to be laid down today, maybe some cleats for the cuddy floorboards.

Dick Burnham, Cummington, MA

## This Magazine...

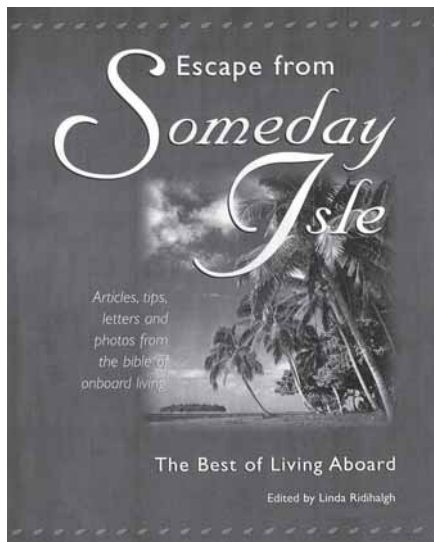
### A Plug for "Beyond the Horizon"

First, let me say what a wonderful magazine you have. Second, I would like to put in a plug for Hugh Ware's column, "Beyond the Horizon." Over the last couple of months I've noticed the column shrinking in size. I hope this is a temporary and not a permanent trend. I don't know if you realize how unique this feature is. Here we have the goings-on of the international maritime community laid out before us in a simple two-page spread. Everything from ferry accidents and tanker spills to the politics of international shipping. I can't think of any other magazine that has a column close to it. It's the very first thing I turn to when my first of the month issue shows up. It is absolutely fascinating!

Lastly, I just want to thank you for putting in the time and effort into what I'm sure is not a vastly profitable enterprise. The magazine is wonderful, the writing on topic and always interesting, and your dedication to the boating community fully appreciated by this reader. Thank you.

Michael Matthews, Livermore, CA

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## Escape from Someday Isle: The Best of Living Aboard

Edited by Linda Ridihalgh  
Published by *Living Aboard*

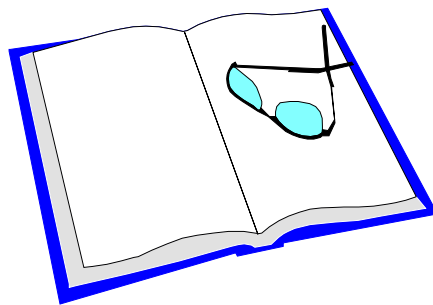
October, 2003, \$18  
Available at (800) 927-6905  
www.livingaboard.com

Reviewed by Jim Lacey

Many readers of *MAIB*, I imagine, have thought about living aboard a boat, and some have fancied they might, upon retirement, perhaps, actually do it, sell the house, get rid of lots of accumulated junk and stuff, and join the world of independent and self-reliant salts who have decided, often to the dismay of relatives and friends, to live year round on their own boats. This book, with the pun in its title, is aimed at those who have mused, "someday."

Anyone who has spent a night on a boat and had breakfast aboard has some inkling of the live aboard life. Much better than relying on one's own limited experience, obviously, is learning from those who have ventured into full time living aboard. *Escape from Someday Isle* is a collection of articles, suggestions, letters, and photos originally published in *Living Aboard* magazine by people of all ages and of widely divergent financial resources and boating experience who have taken that plunge. Though difficulties and problems are detailed, the authors are overwhelmingly positive about their experiences, and many of them urge the reader to take the plunge now rather than that someday in the future which often never arrives.

Boats for living aboard featured in the book include houseboats, coasting and blue water sailboats, a motorsailer, a catamaran, a variety of power boats, including a trawler, a tugboat, and a motor yacht. They range in price from lows of \$6,000-\$10,000 to a high of \$250,000 or more, and they range in size



## Book Reviews

from 24' to 80'. Articles deal with just about every aspect of living aboard; choosing a boat, locating the right sort of marina, problems caused by cold winters and hot, humid summers commuting to work, running a business aboard, finances and budgets, cooking, making the best of limited space, cruising with kids and pets, sanitation, and much more. For those who enjoy the fantasy of living aboard, *Escape from Someday Isle* provides a good bit of vicarious adventure and misery and may even land them on Someday Isle; for those of any age able and willing to simplify their lives substantially by living aboard a boat, this book provides hearty encouragement and a plethora ideas about how to go about it.

## The Brightwork Companion

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Reviewed by Peter Brown

In 1990, author Rebecca Wittman finished one of THE treatises covering varnish and its application, *Brightwork: The Art of Finishing Wood*. It happened that both she and her publishers were pleasantly surprised by the interest in this, what might be considered arcane, topic. It seems that quite a few of us are interested in "cutting in" with a bristle brush. The book continues to sell strongly after 13 years out on the shelves.

This 2004 companion book is a digest of the first, but now in a go-anywhere (the dock, the boat, and the shop...), 176-page paperback version. The author calls it "A Brightwork Cliff Notes for Dummies in Cookbook Form."

The attendant photographs of elegant varnish work will fascinate boating types. Not as, "See this example..." but simply there, brightening every third or fifth page and certainly lending encouragement to Rebecca's suggestion of laying down at least eight coats of the stuff and beyond.

The little book is a tribute to organization for doing excellent work, which all of us can do when guided by these clear descriptions. Along the way we learn what varnish is and how to alter it for purposes of first and succeeding coats. Several methods of removing finishes are described and the necessary preparations before varnishing. These steps are revealed with much good humor, even a dab of philosophy now and then, and the reader soon learns that Rebecca Wittman's work is her love. Her writing is infectious, so much so that we, in our little sailboat shop at the end of a dirt road in Alexandria, New Hampshire, gave her suggestions a try this past summer.

Now, we've been varnishing for 40 years and have never taken the time nor had the inclination to lay on eight coats or more, but we experimented with eight same grain pieces of mahogany all cut out from a single board. Control, don't you know. The first sample received one coat, the last eight. We sanded between all coats, 220 grit mostly and down to 340 as layers number six, seven, and eight were applied. Well, we were rewarded, it works. We even snuck in coat number nine, which was mirrorlike, similar to the pictures we'd drooled over in this very book. Believe me, with each succeeding coat those dimples filled in and the peaks smoothed down.

The above experiment gave us incentive to apply these methods to a 19' sloop, an Alberg Typhoon in need of much help. We removed all wood trim that could come off and sanded with a DA sander, and by hand, after stripping with both a heat gun and Citristrip. Then began the rebuild of layers of Interlux Schooner Varnish, one of Rebecca's favorites. Throughout this manual she frequently reminds us that one should choose products you like to use through both research and experience.

We masked (3M Extended Use) the trim still attached to the boat and began coat number one, applied with a foam brush (2" Jen) using Schooner diluted 25% with paint thinner. The procedure worked out like our previous trial pieces, each succeeding layer became an encouragement to sand lightly (Norton or 3M, 220 grit to 340) and keep building an ever brightening shine.

So, a book for those who wish to apply varnish? In my opinion an understatement for this handy little monograph. You'll find bonus upon bonus, a listing of miscellaneous maintenance materials (their sources), how to plan your varnish project, and how to approach the use of oil or maybe not to use it. The encyclopedic list is long and helpful, right down to 800 numbers for ordering tools.

And lastly a small potatoes item which makes this an ever more valuable tool for us refer and work, refer and work types. Rebecca, or her publishers, have incorporated into both the front and back book covers, 3" flap extensions for folding into those important pages for easy reference.

Useful, important, a good idea? You should see the smudges on those flaps in our little book.



The saltwater fly fishermen are back in force this month, wading the shallows in front of my Window on the Water on the changing tides. I came out to watch the dawn arrive this morning and was treated to one of the stealth versions of sunrise. Like an accomplished fly fisherman, the sun cast a thin neon pink line across the horizon. The sky overhead was what some might term a mackerel sky, but the clouds were larger and the corrugated underbellies softer, so I'd have to call it a "striped bass sky."

The line of light floated along the tiny crevice that opened where cloud and horizon met, pulsing with the growing solar energy. Like a big fish lurking in the depths, the sun rose in trembling increments to investigate the disturbance on the surface of the water. Soon the line was replaced with a diffuse glow that faded at the outer edges and contracted into a fluorescent bubble of orange behind the low-lying clouds. The rising orb passed behind a fretwork of gilded cloud work, only to be swallowed into the belly of a gray day that lurked in the depths of this Autumnal Equinox.

The day that started out so sharp and fresh has already turned dull and tired in appearance. The tide is meandering out, the water's surface is leaden and undisturbed by a yet-to-arrive breeze. The silhouette of a lone fisherman casts no shadow, just his line that sails out and is retrieved to cast again. I hope his luck will be at least as good as the start of this gray day and he'll find a partner snatching his lure to reward his patience and skill in presenting the bait.

Like a game fish rising to gobble whatever drops on the surface, I'm finding the changing season has whetted my appetite for any new ruffle on the surface of my world.

Another dawn, the sky is clear, tattered remnants of yesterday's thick blanket are tucked around the rim of the horizon and scattered off to the port side of my window. The sea has that glassy appearance, disturbed only where the morning breeze leaves footprints as it walks from the island to our shore. Still tucked in bed, the lazy sun has projected its promise of illumination up into a mostly open sky. The one cloud floating above the island like a skein of cotton candy has, within the past several minutes, turned from deep gray to a hot pink that faded into a washed-out lavender and has taken on a distinct golden hue, which has ended in a lemon white along its outer edges. This cloud could be an alien spaceship, so well has it mimicked the shape and form of the land mass below it. Like the natural mushroomed-shaped cloud the Captain saw over the plains of Idaho, this cloud has formed in a shape that piques the interest of the observer. Perhaps viewed only from my window does the form so perfectly echo the pattern of Plum Island anchored below it. Where's a UFO-ologist when you need one?

Before the alien cloud distracted me from the ocean's surface, I watched as what seemed to be a small pod of California grey whales swam into the main channel between the island and me. The sun was still down, lending only faint light to the scene. The spartan illumination was just enough to highlight the smooth, long backs of 50' long leviathans as they entered the main channel. My mind flew back over 3000 miles and 34 years to another morning, standing on a remote headland watching the fall migration of these



## Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

### A Line of Light Cast in a Moment

miraculous creatures along the wild Mendocino coast as they headed for the Baja Peninsula to give birth and feed in the krill-rich Mexican waters. No, they haven't taken a wrong turn nor decided to give the East Coast a visit, my whales were the long deep swells generated by the recent tropical storms. The leftover storm surge has pushed extra water along our coast and, at certain tides, it overwhelms the constraining shorelines.

Gathering its excess volume, the incoming tide has eddies that lift over the sandbars blocking its northern progression. My watery whales were cavorting and breaching, great sleek mothers guiding their calves into the channel. The moored sailboats silhouetted in the foreground barely moved, so gentle were these sleek swimmers.

The fisherman from the first morning now has company, three people are casting out into the water. Does this constitute a rush hour or traffic jam in their world? I've spoken with the early birds as they gather gear from back seats and specially fitted out panel vans. These fellows (mostly all male, where do the ladies fish?) are, to a one, avid naturalists. They love the water and are in various seasons either casting from shorelines, on it in shallow draft craft, or, as now, wading out into it as the fall run of striped bass drive the bait fish into the shallows. A frenzy erupts among the shore birds and fishermen. Well, perhaps frenzy isn't the right word. Outwardly calm, they cast their lines with metronomic regularity, but deep within the heart of each man the blood races as he watches the sea birds diving and screaming "over here, over HERE!" as they gorge on the exposed bait.

Every fish-eating shore bird in the Audubon catalog was out and feeding at the "Raw Bar," the shallow water over the mussel beds. The fishermen had positioned themselves along the farther shore, only to have currents or herd mentality direct the bait away, into a different area.

Within a span of several minutes I witnessed the arrival of three great blue herons, six great white egrets, and a baker's dozen or more of the smaller white egrets. They ranged themselves along the knobby clumps of mus-

sels and stabbed into the shallow water. Each bird had repeated success at getting a fish or two with each thrust of its rapier-like beak.

Out into the deeper but still shallow water the gulls mixed and squabbled with the three types of terns, cormorants muddled the surface as they dived and gulped, gulls still writhing from an earlier catch. So much activity was taking place I felt as though my window had become a kaleidoscope.

Each group of birds was occupying its own niche, some on shore wading out just so far, others dive bombing the surface scooping up frantic fish, and still others submerged like U-boats and coming up under their prey, mouths opened and ready to snap shut as they rocketed to the surface to swallow the catch.

Amid all the turbulence a lone osprey at the edge of my vision caught my eye as she stooped and snatched the hunter of smaller fish. Deftly rocking on wing beats that kept her aloft inches from the water's surface, she "switched hands" and presented the medium-sized bass head forward as she flew back up the sound to her nest. My hope was that her three fledglings were off practicing their own fishing skills and she could enjoy a quiet meal alone.

The activity recounted above started and was over within seven minutes, too short a time for the humans to haul out and come over to this side of the cove. They knew it and stood stoically casting lines into a blue void. Seen from my window it seemed to last hours.

The sun rose that morning in a glittering veil of thin clouds, gilding the birds, the disturbed surface of the saltwater, and glinting off the wet lines cast in hope from the fishermen, like straw spun into gold from an old fairy tale. Golden lines cast out to capture this special moment in time.

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The spell of the Chic Chous Mountains pervades a Cascapédia rest stop scene.

#### First Day Saturday, June 12, 2004

As I walked along the gravel beach near the mouth of the Cascapédia River at sunset, a fishing couple greeted me. The woman was casting her line into the tidewater. "I guided on the Bonaventure for salmon for 25 years," the husky man said. "I know the whole Molson family and many other top business corporation people." From the way he spoke I knew he had loved every minute of his fishing career.

"Our party will canoe the Cascapédia down to the sea from its mountain headwaters," I said. "There are ten in our party and it will be a seven-day, six-night paddle."

I relished this personal introduction to the Cascapédia, a parallel and sister river to the Bonaventure River a few miles further east. More mellow than boisterous "Bonny," the Cascapédia is one of the great salmon rivers of the world, flowing southward from the Chi Chous Mountains of the Gaspé Peninsula, Québec, some 75 miles to the Bay of Chaleur, an arm of the Atlantic Ocean.

After pitching our tents at New Richmond riverfront campground, we piled into our vans and cars to cross the Route 132 bridge spanning the river to the village of Maria for a restaurant dinner. I had two bowls of delicious split pea soup, the special way that only French Canadians know how to prepare it. The rest of the world offers but a mere imitation. With this excellent meal I felt well fortified to start the paddle the next day.

At the dinner table our party was united in one set purpose, to canoe the Cascapédia. We all had paddled the Bonaventure once or twice before, even four times in a few cases. Now both the guides and their guests sought out a new river, deciding to paddle the Cascapédia, unknown to us all.

With our team primed to launch tomorrow's expedition, I recalled a well-known passage in Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* in which he mentions his search for "the mad ones, the ones who are mad to live, mad to talk, mad to be saved, desirous of everything at the same time." My companions were

## "Canoeing the Cascapédia: Québec's Salmon River"

### Part I

By Richard E. Winslow III  
(For Ed Masteller, who would have loved this trip)



"Lac du Huard or Bust!" To the headwaters and put-in.

likewise mad to travel, mad to paddle, and mad to camp along remote banks with the sound of whitewater ringing in their ears. As my dinner table companions rattled off the rivers, people, and places they knew, I listened in awe, wondering if I would ever participate myself in a fraction of their far flung expeditions.

Mike and Larry, the two guides, were, to my mind, among the best in the business, personal friends from previous trips, and, indeed, former presidents of the Maine Guide Association. Having been mechanical engineers (they could fix anything in the ship-building world), they were elated upon retirement to escape from corporate America to canoeing America.

"This is my office," Mike remarked to me more than once on our earlier trips. "This is where I make decisions and carry them out," he continued, while sitting at or standing up from his stern seat to read the river, having left the office desk and chair forever in pursuing an infinitely more satisfying second career.

Mike and Larry, sometimes together and sometimes independently, ranged over all the Americas and Iceland, leading standard trips or engaging in "exploratories" to pioneer new expeditions.

I don't know what impressed me more, their professional leadership or their zany humor. "I've got bad news and good news," Mike would always say on every trip. "The bad news is that we are lost. The good news is that we are making good time." One had to fathom Mike on various layers or levels. When he told me and the others what I originally took to be a joke, he was actually dead serious, or vice versa.

Larry was a complete sportsman, hunter, fisherman, and canoeist. At his happiest moments he lived the challenge of being in the lead canoe, whether in the fog, in still water, or in rapids, to find the route ahead.

The others in our party, all veterans of Mike and Larry's earlier trips, were, in brief: Shauna, Mike's wife and an accomplished guide in her own right; John, a retired psychiatrist; Stan, a retired businessman; Chris, a woman book publishing editor; Carolyn, a professional outdoor guide; Phil, a lawyer; Frank, a retired mathematics teacher; and I, a librarian.

Whatever all the individual reasons were which brought us here, I did not know. For myself, I wanted to be with outdoor people,



to write, and to photograph, all in a wilderness-like setting. In his well-known phrase, naturalist John Muir once articulated, "Going to the mountains is going home." But with all due respect to Muir, he had it only half right and should have added, "Going to the rivers is going home." We were going home.

## Second Day Sunday, June 14, 2004

By late morning on a hot, sunny day, with our shuttle drivers along, our party arrived at our put-in, Lac du Huard (Osprey Lake), 830' in the high Monts (mountains) Chi-Chocs. Like all Micmac native American words, its blunt translation into English left absolutely no doubt to its meaning, "steep rocks" or "rocky mountains." I have rarely seen a more beautiful setting, a watery gem left from the Ice Age. Green forest slopes, tilted at a great angle, rose from close to the water's edge to high ridges or tent-shaped peaks depending upon the glacier's grinding track. The landscape dominated everything, as if painted by Canada's Group of Seven artists.

The owner of a little camp at road's end kindly allowed us to utilize a grassy slope down to the water for an easy put-in. On either side and out in the water, high reeds bent back and forth in the breeze. Those in the camp, husbands, wives, kids, and dogs, came out in force to watch the launch of our expedition. In appreciation of their cheers, we raised our paddles or poles high.

For the duration of the trip in our tandem canoe I paddled bow with Mike in the stern. For the safety of all we generally stayed in the rear as the sweep or last canoe. Depending on the depth of the water the rest of our party paddled or poled solo. Larry, of course, was out in front in the lead canoe, his floppy hat marking the route ahead for those behind as if on a compass bearing.

Just a few paddle strokes into the trip a loon surfaced in front, greeting us with his haunting cry as if he were just as excited and happy as we were to be here. We angled over to the northeast outlet of the lake, a pleasant 15-minute paddle. From across the end of the lake a mature bald eagle took off from the far shore to fly over us, his wings flapping vigorously and then soaring in a great glide. It was a magnificent sight. He then landed atop the highest spruce overlooking the outlet, perhaps a good omen for our trip.

Just beyond the Cascapédia was born, the main branch underway with tributaries joining it from time to time from opposite channels downstream. One linguist, Roy by name, asserts that the place name, Cascapédia, was a corruption of the Micmac "sakpediac," meaning "strong current." Rouillard, another so-called authority, claims the word was derived from the Micmac "geogapeging," meaning "a river that forms a large sheet of water with little or no current."

In my eyewitness opinion Roy was right, while Rouillard was mistaken, the rapid Cascapédia proved to be a hard-charging, aggressive river throughout most of its descent.

At the outlet we expected to find a narrow tight runoff with rapids. The Cascapédia surprised us, as it often did throughout the trip, in this case flowing wide and without a current. We enjoyed an initial easy stretch before the current picked up.



Paradise does exist, as Shauna gazes out at Lac du Huard.



"What canoe is willing to take this heavy box?" Organized confusion at put-in.

Underway at last! The first poling strokes break loose to freedom.



I quickly sensed the enormous power of the breakup or ice-out just two months past. The destruction of the forest along the river was the most savage I had ever seen on any northern waterway. It was if a reborn glacier from the last winter, creating in turn a spring

meltwater river, had ploughed, gouged, and wiped out everything before it for virtually the entire length of the river. Piles of shattered dri-ki trees were stacked up at most bends, almost like breastwork fortifications. Sweepers or strainers, splintered tree trunks



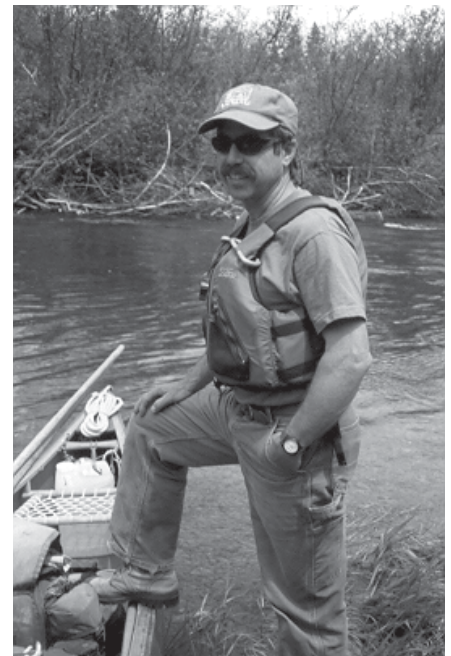
Don't blame it on the beavers. Spring break-up log jam piles collect at virtually every river bend.

Landslide country. Fallen trees, caught on the way down, cling precariously to loose rocks and soil on unstable cliffside.



torn from their root support in eroded, undercut, banks extended horizontally from shore to block half the passage. We always swung wide to avoid these deadly, half-submerged obstacles with quick water racing through the doomed tangle of still-green trees.

We landed at a gravel bar with another branch of the Cascapédia flowing in on river left. It was early afternoon and time for lunch. "It's almost five o'clock," Mike exclaimed, "maybe we ought to camp here." That remark was his standard comment at every lunch stop. Mike and Larry looked over the terrain as if Grant and Sherman were discussing battlefield strategy. Lunch was great but the site imperfect, too much fast water along with lack of campsites, as tent floors and air mattresses would be competing with boulders to provide a decent night's sleep.



Mike, King of the River, surveys his watery domain.

We pushed on with no campsite indicated on the topographical maps. The river, like George Gershwin's "Old Man River," kept rolling along. Through thousands of years the relentless water had incised or eroded down to form here and there a minicanyon, a 100' high face of loose gravel and boulders with sedimentary layers at the bottom. Huge fallen trees, caught on their way down from the plateau above, were stuck, arrested momentarily anyway, on boulders holding them precariously in place. A rainstorm would probably loosen the whole unstable face to precipitate a massive slide. We left those avalanche chances to the river devils as we flashed underneath with a criminal-like thrill of escaping without being caught.

We finally saw a little storage hut for fishing equipment on river left and across the river a level area with fine, establish your own tent sites in a birch and pine grove. Larry and Mike gathered up nearby rocks to build a fire-place. We enjoyed a grilled salmon dinner (taken from the freezer box, not the river.) I always designate a site by its most obvious feature for easy reference in my notes. This place I quickly termed as Salmon Camp.

**(To Be Continued)**



It has been sort of a bad week. First, I had to work most of it because I got worried about the plans I am trying to sell and so we are trying to build a boat by following them exactly. It is working, too, so that is good. When I have to work, I almost starve to death because we can't spend all that much time fishing. But son Sam doesn't come to work until sort of late some mornings because he does most of the housework since his wife works a steady job. When he has to wash the clothes, he does it in the morning so he'll be freed up when she comes home in the afternoon and they can do something. You know, I don't think role reversal is such a bad thing and that is good since I was the one who stayed home while my wife went to work for all those years until she retired. It worked out pretty good.

Of course, because of certain peculiarities of our situation, domestic chores did not occupy much of my time. I tried to do all the cooking but she didn't think children should be raised up as pure carnivores. I still cook the meat, outside on a little LP gas hot plate I scavenged from the dumpster 30 years ago, or in a rusted out smoker, or on a three-legged grill...only a crazy person fries fish or does any oven roasting in the house. Smoke hoods are not only nasty, but dangerous.

All that outside cooking business is a moot point if you ain't got nothing to cook, so we got with old Sam to choreograph a little time to go fishing when he and the baby were going to be late coming to work. Jane and I managed two days last week.

On the first day we took the little Grumman Sport Boat Improvement Project (which is now called "The Gray Boat") with the old Martin motor to Lake Miccosukee which is about 20 minutes down the same road we go to the coast on. Everybody has been saying that since both it and Lake Iamonia have come back from the drought, the fishing is like in the good old days. Miccosukee has always been famous for great big bluegills and one of the bait store patrons showed me an icebox full of them (the limit... 50) and I bet the average weight was about a pound. We didn't need any 50 pounds of fish...two of those big bream would suit us fine so we were confident that our beautiful pond worms would...

You don't know what a pond worm is? Well, I better stop right here and fill you in. They are the Cadillac of the worms of the South. We don't have night crawlers down here but I bet pond worms are just as good. They are very big and long earthworms who live deep down in the ground and cannot be dug by normal means. There are people who make a living grunting pond worms. It is an interesting business. They ride around in the car way back in the wilderness southwest of Tallahassee between Telogia and the coast. Most of that belongs to the Apalachicola National Forest or Tate's Hell Swamp State Park and there are miles and miles of pine trees, palmettos, black gum holes, hardwood hammocks (mostly cabbage palm, laurel oak, magnolia, and bay with an understory of wax myrtle, and palmetto), and cypress ponds. Some places look like prairies and have acres and acres of insectivorous plants like Venus flytraps, sundews, and pitcher plants.

Though it is all very low, it is the height of land for the watershed for two rivers, the Apalachicola to the west and the Ochlocknee

## Skunked

By Robb White

to the east. There are some paved roads running through all that wilderness (SR65 to Sumatra through the Apalachicola forest and SR67 from Telogia to Carrabelle skirting around Tate's Hell...ride one of them sometime just for the hell of it...Tate did it before there was a road and he said it was hell...I'll tell you about it sometime but I don't want to start interrupting my interruptions). Anyway, these people of the pond worm ride those roads looking for likely spots out in the woods. That's the talent of it, finding the right place.

Anybody can grunt and the way they do it is to drive a big, ancient, sacred, fat lighter'd (longleaf pine completely saturated with rosin) stob deep into the ground with the long leaf out of the rear spring of a two-and-a-half-ton truck. Then the leader of the business rubs the spring leaf across the top of the stob in such a way that it makes a very low frequency vibration in the ground so violent that it'll make the bottoms of your bare feet itch if you are close to it. The rest of the crew (usually children) sit very still on white plastic buckets and wait for the worms to come up out of the ground.

They do that to escape all that vibration and if the conditions are just right (plenty of recent rain for one thing) they'll begin to show up immediately. Pond worms are very pale colored and are easy to see. When the head boss thinks he has grunted up as many as she (the most expert pond worm grunners are women) thinks will come up, she tells the children to start picking them up. She keeps grunting while the children quietly slip around picking up the worms. She gets 10¢ apiece for them. The bait store charges \$2.50 for a cup of 20. See why I call them the Cadillac of baits?

I tell you what, there are very few bass or bream who can stand idly by and watch an unweighted, naked pond worm slowly sink...with all that pale pulchritude...all the way to the bottom of the pond. Of course, I only buy worms in times of duress. I actually prefer another wild worm which are called black wigglers and, in the right situation, are just about as big as pond worms but are very dark and violent acting...swim like a snake when hooked by the nose. You can't catch those iridescent beauties just any old time, though, so I will buy pond worms when I have to and that's what I did when this opportunity arose and we headed to the lake and launched the little boat just about the time the rabbits finished cooking their breakfast (when the haze first rises from the water after the sun comes up).

We started fishing right there at the ramp. I don't know if you know that trick or not but a boat ramp is a good fishing spot. Not only do minnow fishermen throw out their leftover minnows right there but all these doofuses who operate these 2000-lb. boats with 200 horsepower always use the "ram it on the trailer method" where they drive the boat up on the trailer between guide rollers. They all think it is cute as all get out but the actual getting out is very undignified after the boat is on the trailer. I have to avert my eyes while he tries to climb off the bow onto the winch

stand. Anyway, all that horsepower blasts the sand from right in front of the ramp out to either side and makes a very attractive bottom for fish. They don't have to work so hard to fan out a clean place for their bed so there are always bream beds around boat ramps in the summertime.

So, I was astonished when we didn't get a single bite on the Cadillac of worms. We figured that they were out along (and in) the lily pads so we crunk up and went out and started fishing around the edge of the bonnets. We did not have a single bite in the two hours before time to go to work. We were flabbergasted and so were the people at bait store when we told them. "Musta been a temporary fluke," they all presumed. "Y'all should'a stayed down there. Pettis caught his limit that same afternoon."

The next day we took our 18 pond worms to Lake Iamonia which has the biggest fly bream ("fliers" in the book) I have ever seen anywhere. Fly bream are about my favorite bream next to shellcrackers. I got to get off these biological opinions. It was the exact same situation at Lake Iamonia. We didn't catch a single bream even though, the day before, one of the regulars had caught his limit of a mixed bag of very big fly bream and redbellies. We fished all over the lake in all sorts of situations...even fought our way through the bonnets to a little hole where we had heard bream popping the lily pads to bite out a hole to get to a little creature (usually a small beetle on top of the lily pad or the larva of a beetle in a tunnel inside) whose shadow they can see through the translucent lily pad.

When bream are popping, that's always a good sign. We didn't catch any bream in that hole but both Jane and I caught a yellow catfish which are edible. None of us in this family are big fans of catfish. They don't have much flavor...taste about like chicken. They are alright in a pinch if you have some limes to squeeze on them or some of that vinegar the British put on their fish and chips. Our tastes in this are peculiar. A lot of people love catfish above all things.

Thomas Jones, the black man who was the most influential male figure in showing me that complications to direct action were not necessary, loved catfish and was very successful at pulling them in. He had a favorite hole down at our old swampy pond. Tom died about 15 years ago and I sometimes go down there and fish in his hole for old times sake but, though I have caught a bunch of bass, blackfish (bowfin) and bream in the Tombo hole, I have never caught a catfish. I guess they don't fool with people who don't appreciate them. Tom's catfish skinning hook is still in the live oak tree that overhangs his hole but nobody has kept it unscrewed and it is about grown over, now. Oh well, ain't nobody got no use for it no more.

**"Every man shall give as he is able,  
according to the blessings of the  
Lord" (Deut 16:16)**

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Our first brief encounter with Lake Powell was two years ago mid-September. We had stayed in a cabin at the North Rim of Grand Canyon, and even though we were anxious to be home after almost a month on the road, we decided to make a side trip to Page where the Glen Canyon Dam and the southern end of Lake Powell live and breathe. Crossing over the top of the dam, the small bit of lake we could see suddenly became much larger when we realized the boats below were actually 50' houseboats. From our vantage they looked more like toys. We toured the Visitor Center, looked around a bit, and vowed to return with a boat. We also made a side trip to Lee's Ferry, the spot on the Colorado several miles below the dam where rafts and dories depart for trips through the Grand Canyon. Watching them float away, packed with people and their gear for a week, 10 days, two weeks, we wished we were on board. What a trip!

Two years later we found ourselves back at Lee's Ferry waiting for our friends, Craig and Linda Anderson, to arrive. They live in Seattle and this was more or less halfway for each of us. We wanted to show them the big rafts and, of course, the river. It runs swift and cold here, the water is coming out of the bottom of Lake Powell. You can put a small boat in here and go up the river about 17 miles to the bottom of the dam. You cannot go the other way (towards the Grand Canyon) without a permit.

We talked briefly with a ranger who was on his way to a plane crash (there went the idea of taking a plane ride over the canyon). He told us that there was a 17-year wait for a permit for a private float trip through the Canyon. I don't know how accurate that was, but just the idea of planning something that far ahead with any sort of reality was more than I could grasp. Chuck pointed out that you could always sell your permit on E-bay. Whatever!

Our friends were late, partly a function of the weirdness of Arizona in not recognizing Daylight Savings Time, and we got to worrying since we had no signal on the cell phone and the sign pointing down to Lee's Ferry is easy to miss. The rafts had all left by that time, so we drove back up to the highway and met them there.

We had already made reservations at the campground at Wahweap, and we all went there and set up our gear. Craig and Linda wanted to do a little tourist stuff before heading out in the *Ladybug*. We took the Antelope Canyon tour, a slot canyon on the Navajo Reservation. Below is a description I found on the web.

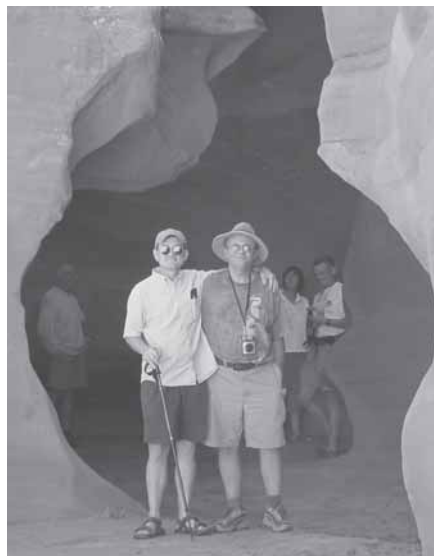
"Slot canyons are narrow, deep, often overhanging, some of which measure less than a yard across at the top but drop a hundred feet or more from the rim to the natural floor. They are cut and scoured by water and wind; the striations of the sandstone becoming almost incandescent."

It is like walking through a cave with a narrow opening to the sky above. I had my doubts about the "tourist stuff," but this was worth the money despite the inevitable names that are given to rock shapes and the rituals having to do with sunrises and tossed handfuls of sand. We heard the story of the group of international tourists who were caught in the canyon by a flash flood. Our guide described their experience as "like being caught

## Lake Powell Adventure

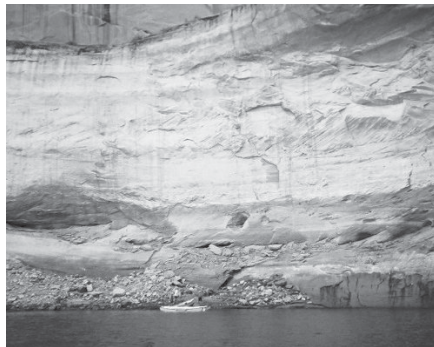
By Sandy Leinweber

in a violent cement mixer, full of rocks and sand and water." None survived and the bodies that were recovered had been stripped of clothing. Apparently the canyon changes a good deal with every flood. The floor of sand may be several feet higher or lower depending on the force with which the water travels through. Trees carried by the water lodge in the convoluted sandstone of the walls. Everyone, including me, took pictures. Most of mine were either too dark or too light. One does show Chuck and Craig standing in the entrance to the slot.



Chuck and Craig at the entrance to the slot canyon.

The lake was still quite low, 120' below normal to be exact. Not having ever seen it full I could make no comparison, but I could imagine by looking at the white line high on the rocks, calcium carbonate left by the receding water. The ramp at Wahweap, wide



White line is calcium carbonate left by the receding water. There is a boat in the center (at the shore) for scale! Lake is approximately 120' below full water mark.

enough for five or six boats to be launched at once, did look impossibly long and steep. The ramp at Stateline was closed, nothing but sand and mud beyond the end of the cement.

The Park Service plans to extend it but time and money make the process necessarily slow. We used the "alternate ramp" at Stateline. Thank goodness the *Ladybug* is easy to launch. We really just need a bit of a slope, firm ground (not always easy to find), and a couple of feet of water.

The low water level meant that now there was only one way to go, up the lake through a passage called The Narrows. This is a relative term, certainly there is room for huge houseboats and all the other varieties of watercraft, including jet skis. The walls of the canyon are high and rise straight up out of the water on either side. The part we had not anticipated was the condition created when all those different boats were coming and going at the same time. It was Labor Day weekend and there were many boats, both coming and going. Each seemed to create the maximum wake by going just fast enough to plow the water into waves, waves that spread out and bounced off the walls of the canyon like the notes of many different musical tempos. You would almost think that all those different wakes could come back together and combine to become smooth, maybe 2' higher than the actual water level. I must have been delusional to even imagine that!

It was pure chaos for the poor *Ladybug*. With her little two horse outboard and four bodies aboard instead of the usual two, she began to flounder. It made me think of a bathtub full of rambunctious babies, all slapping the water with their palms and laughing. There was no discussion, we simply turned around and headed back for the calmer waters of the bay. A short distance under those conditions would have been one thing, but 18 miles? No photos here, I was holding on tight.

We found a beautiful little cove for lunch. The water was cool and clear and impossible to resist. Unless you were Chuck. We never did get him in the water. We swam, hiked around, and napped on a ledge in the shadow of an overhang. Later, motoring along, watching the birds, avocets, and coots, we kept our eyes open for a nice spot to spend the night. One spot we looked at had springs coming out of the rocks above the beach. In places below the springs the sand and mud had become quicksand. Don't ask how I know that. More than once we landed only to sink almost knee deep into mud upon stepping from the boat. Anyplace that mud was washed down from above and collected would be like that. I am told that when the lake was full, sandy landing spots were quite rare, that rocks were pretty much the rule.

This particular afternoon all the really classic spots (narrow sandy beaches under a huge overhang) had already been claimed by houseboats, but we eventually found a nice slightly sandy, mostly rocky beach where once landed, we became truly insignificant as we were under the towering majesty of Castle Rock. By the time we had our tents and our little privacy tent for the porta potti set up, it was time to cook dinner. I got to test my new water purifier that is guaranteed to filter out EVERYTHING BAD. Everyone looked a bit dubious when I plopped one end in the lake and screwed the other to my water bottle. A few pumps and we had perfect water. They made me drink first, a silly test, but it seemed to reassure them. After dinner we watched the sunset and waited for the stars



to come out. We hauled the boat cushions out and lay on our backs naming constellations and watching for shooting stars and satellites (and UFOs, of course).

The next morning Chuck and I got up early and hiked up to the base of Castle Rock. A full lake would have had water lapping at the base, splashing onto the pile of eroded pieces of white and red sandstone we climbed up on.

As it was, it took 20-30 minutes to reach by foot. Today was our last day at Wahweap. After breakfast we toured the upper end of the bay and then headed for the other side of the lake and the ramp at Stateside. Chuck let me off at the dock and I hiked up the hill to the car. Craig and Linda were off to Phoenix for the rest of their vacation. We would be spending the night in Page. There are at least two places in town where, for a fee, one can log on to the internet and see how business is going.

The next morning we set off on the second leg of our trip, a compromise as it were. In three days we were to meet another group of boaters for a messabout at Stanton Canyon, near Bullfrog, clear around on the other side of the lake. Close to a hundred miles by boat, we thought we would be wise to drive around. Our deal was basically that if I could spend a bit of time on land in canyon country, Chuck could desert me at the messabout if need be. I wanted to see Capitol Reef National Park, so we headed north. Chuck wanted the scenic drive, so shortly after leaving Page, we took a dirt and gravel road through Cottonwood Canyon, a 40-mile-long dirt and gravel road.

It was certainly scenic, if somewhat bone rattling. Long stretches were of the washboard variety. At one point a shrill horn began to sound and we immediately stopped, expecting some sort of emergency vehicle to pass. I imagined a vehicle over a cliff. The horn stopped, too. We started up again and so did the horn. Somehow our little emergency airhorn had wedged itself into a spot in *Ladybug* where every bounce set it off. Not the best road to be hauling a boat trailer over, but except for a couple of sheered stainless screws on the back crutch holding the mast and boom, we survived to the other end.

At the other end was Kodachrome Basin State Park, so named because of the colors of the rocks all around and in the little box canyon where the campground lies. Another geological anomaly were the tall skinny sandpipes. Geologists believe the park was once similar to Yellowstone National Park, with hot springs and geysers which eventually filled up with sediment and solidified. As the surrounding sandstone eroded away, the pipes remained, some 60-plus. One of them stood sentinel next to our campsite.

By noon the next day we were driving into Capitol Reef National Park. We attended a talk on the geology of the area at the ranger station and learned about the Waterpocket Fold, the 100-mile-long uplift that distinguishes the park. I'm not sure I understand the whole process, but I did learn that there were once very high mountains here that have largely eroded away. We camped along the Fremont River, picked excellent apples in the orchards planted by the Mormons, who first lived in the area, and hiked up the side of the mountain across the road into a beautiful hidden canyon.

The next morning we were coming around the big curve of highway back down into the Colorado River drainage, craning our necks at the top of every hill, expecting to see the lake appear any minute. We knew it would be soon when the beached whales of houseboats began to show up in the storage yards by the side of the road. Fingers of lake soon appeared in the canyons off to the side of the highway. The ranger taking money at the entrance station said we must be with the other fellows who had come through earlier, pulling sailboats and carrying kayaks on their top racks. The turnoff for Stanton Creek came before we reached Bullfrog.

We met Jeff Blunck from Fort Collins, Colorado, on the way in. He was on his way out to launch his *Sneakeasy* at Bullfrog, it was too long for the rough and ready beach launch at Stanton Creek. He told us how to find the other messabouts, but we did not listen very well and we would still be driving around looking if Chuck had not hauled out the GPS and the camp coordinates and got us pointed in the right direction. Around the last corner and the pirate flag of wild man Bruce Anderson appeared. Out in the little bay below the camp were Kellan Hatch and his son Elliot in their trimaran, *Curious*, powered by the



Kellan Hatch and his trimaran, *Curious*.



Mirage drive on *Curious*.

Hobie Mirage Drive. Dave and Anita Hahn of Delta, Utah (Dave had the idea for this messabout) sailed and rowed towards us in their dinghy.

While we looked for a good spot to set up camp, Jim Thayer (whose Lake Powell Kokopelli annual messabout would be at the full moon later in October) drove in with his sailboat, *Nina*. Soon his friend Jack Hicks would appear at the mouth of the bay, rowing his *A Duckah*. Right behind Jack was his daughter, Heather Gale, rowing her



Jim Thayer in his *Nina*, light winds. The boats in the distance are huge houseboats, moored on the other shore of the lake.



Jack Hicks in his daughter Heather's *Whitehall*. Grandson Wil in the water.

Jack's boat, Jim Thayer's *A Duckah* design.



*Whitehall*. What fine graceful boats! The smooth rhythmic process of rowing only adds to the beauty. With Heather were her husband Tom and children Wil and Ruby from Cache Valley, Utah. Wil and Ruby spent a good deal of time in the water and the mud! When Bruce came back in his sailing pirogue he was accompanied by Randy Swedlund and Dustin Robb, all three from Prescott.

The "ramp" turned out to be a tilted rocky ledge that continued far enough into the water to afford some traction when unloading the boat. After watching one fellow launch a good-sized fiberglass jobbie, we thought we could manage! Thank goodness for small boats and tilting trailers. The *Ladybug* went into the water with ease. I would like to say she sailed briskly away, but the air by then was quite still. Jeff came sliding in in the *Sneakeasy*. Unfortunately, one of his bearings somewhere had become quite hot on his motor over from the ramp and it put him out



Wild man Bruce Anderson in his pirogue.



Bruce's skin boat.



Randy Swedlund and his self-designed skiff, Raven.



Chuck in the *Ladybug* pulling Jeff Blunck in his *Sneakeasy*.

of commission. The *Ladybug* was put into service as a tow boat, taking Jeff back to the ramp where the *Sneakeasy* came back out of the water.

The afternoon turned out hot and Anita Hahn and I lounged and visited under the tarp Chuck had thoughtfully rigged off the side of our vehicle. Later the Hahns were everyone's hosts for a wonderful potluck dinner of chicken, fresh sliced tomatoes, beans, sliced melons, and more, plus an outstanding Key Lime pie compliments of Tom Gale. He said it was a Kokopelli cruise tradition and he decided to make one for us, too! Stuffed, we circled our chairs and talked of (what else) boats and boating.

Tom had told us that we should explore Moqui Canyon, and that's where we headed in the *Ladybug* the next morning. Jeff Blunck came along. The mouth of the canyon was about four to five miles from where we were camped. The lake traffic seemed much quieter than on Labor Day weekend, but I would hesitate to say we had the place to ourselves. In a way, I looked at the other people (other than our group) the way I did when we took the kids to Disney World many years ago. There were so many other people that you just had to pretend they were not real, that you and yours were the only real people there. So when the jet skis whizzed by and the power boats whizzed by and the houseboats whizzed by, I imagined them away and concentrated on the clear, green-blue water and the great curves of red sandstone.



Big dog whizzing past.

On the way to Moqui Canyon we motored along next to a vertical wall of that sandstone. It reached far above us, and by the way it plunged straight down into the water far below us as well. Moqui Canyon, once entered, seemed to go on forever. I can only try to describe the beauty (the photos do a much better job), and my amazement at how the



Up through winding Moqui Canyon (3+ miles long when lake is full).

Yes, there is a sizeable boat tucked under there in the shadows! This was underwater when the lake was full.



scale of objects can deceive like when the tiny boat up ahead under the concave wall of rock (concert hall!) turns out to be a 50' houseboat (big dog). The next curve up ahead looks barely wide enough to fit the *Ladybug* through, but then before we reach it, here comes another houseboat, this one only 30' long. And it is coming at us full tilt. Apparently, finding the perfect anchorage is like a treasure hunt for these monsters, and pulling up anywhere close to another houseboat is met by scowls and grumbling. I imagine there is an unspoken territoriality as in the animal world.

Finally, the canyon narrows to the point where we feel we are safe from the big dogs and we beach (or rock) and climb up under a small overhang to escape the afternoon sun and have a little lunch. A sound like a flock of chattering birds floats towards us from farther up the canyon, their chirping voices echoing off the walls, getting louder until I am holding my breath, expecting them to explode around the corner and scatter when they see us. The chirps start to sound more like words, and my birds become a flotilla of young women draped on floats, each with a can of beer and more in the cooler on its own special float. So intent are they on their discussion of men, makeup, clothes, how much beer they had the night before (?), they do not even register our presence. Chuck and Jeff are silent, watching the skimpy bikini tops go by, thinking no doubt I won't notice if they are quiet. Hah!

We met Bruce, Randy, and Dustin on the way back. They were fishing but having no luck. Back at camp we notice black clouds to the south. Lightning. Rain is falling from clouds but not reaching the ground. It's hard to tell which way the clouds are moving and, after all, it never rains much here or the lake would not be so low! We have a little sprayer that we use for showers and we'd set it out before we left so the water would heat up, and Chuck decided to have a shower. He was in the privacy shelter doing just that when a small wind kicked up, and then kicked up a bit more and more until it had ratcheted into a mega dust storm that blew like stink for what seemed like hours but was really 20 minutes. I saw the tent mold itself to Chuck's body and briefly imagined how he would react if it blew away. Not well, I thought, so I went and held it firm while he finished dressing, after which we anchored it with rocks.

We scurried around consolidating loose items and then climbed into the Nissan. At times the blowing sand was so thick that we could not see the other vehicles. We had sand in our mouths and eyes and ears, sand in the tent, sand in the food I had taken out for dinner. As quickly as it started it was over and everyone came creeping out of their hidey holes. The privacy tents with our porta pottis were all knocked flat. Ruby's life jacket, bright yellow, was floating across the bay. We ate our gritty sausage and beans and laughed. It never did rain.

That night we had a big campfire and talked about the next messabout. Jim Thayer and the Hales invited us all to come back in October for their annual Kokopelli cruise, but Chuck and I are just too far away in Texas. They promise it will be cooler and the lake less crowded and we think maybe next year. Dave and Anita do plan to come back in October.



And that was pretty much it. We need a boat that will get us to more of the canyons. Canyons appear like gateways all up and down the lake. I am, of course, visualizing this from the map since we only saw a few in person. My Lake Powell book tells of pictographs and hidden slot canyons to see and explore. I wish in a way we had spent the whole time on the lake, but I am glad we saw some of the country north of here, too. We need a faster boat. This lake is too big and we live too far away to come so far and see so little. I do realize that will make us more like the other faster boats whose wakes I cursed, but Chuck says we can build something with a 25-horse motor that will make us a bit faster but not too fast. He is thinking "expedition boat, maybe a Clarence River Dory, one of John Welsford's designs.



Clarence River Dory, John Welsford Design

There is nothing smooth about Lake Powell, except the water when there is no wind, and since there are always boats making wakes (even at night), it is rarely smooth. Maybe in the depth of winter. It is a perfect lake for swimming; I love being able to look down and see my toes. Navajo sandstone, coarse and colorful, dominates the terrain and the shoreline varies between the tiny areas of sand and mud, piles of rock that have eroded from the larger cliffs and monoliths, and no shoreline at all, just vertical walls of red that quietly meet a horizontal wall of sparkling blue. The vegetation, what little there is, is mostly of the tumbleweed variety, prickly with thorns and stickers and well adapted to the dry spare climate. My preference is bare feet, but that was not practical here except in the water. We saw very little wildlife, although we did hear coyotes howling at night. It is truly a magical place, huge and raw and marginally civilized. I am certain we will be traveling back in the near future.

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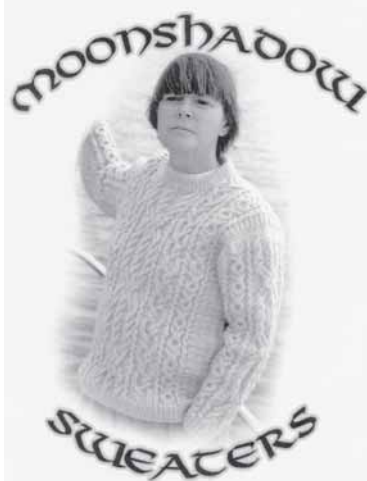
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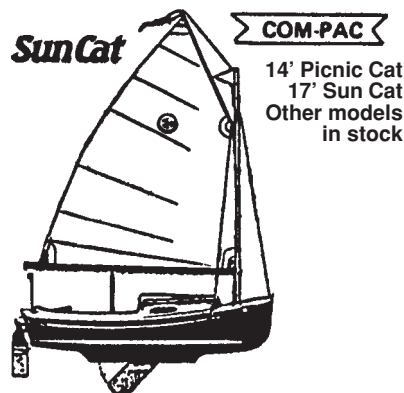
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## International Scene

Spanish officials chatted with Gibraltar officials for the first time since November 2001 and then withdrew a ban on cruise vessels that had stopped at Gibraltar before arriving at Spanish ports. Later, Spain reinstated the ban for another three months and may extend it again in November.

Spain says it has extracted most of the oil in the sunken tanker *Prestige* from where it lies some 3,800 metres down. About 11,800 tonnes of an estimated 13,800 tonnes have been extracted and fertilizer is being added to help bacteria break down the remainder. The operation has cost \$121 million so far.

Biometric fingerprint identification may be in the future for mariners and the concept has been accepted by ship owners and unions, but the U.S. has made it plain it will be years before they consider the technology to be workable.

Criminalization of mariners who spill nasty substances, such as oil, and responses to terrorism are currently the chief goals for European Union legislation.

A Danish court is deciding whether seamen from European Union enlargement countries should get the same pay as national crewmen employed by a EU member state. The suit also asks for pay wage shortfalls since 1994.

The Pakistani Merchant Navy Officers Association, described as a little-known group with little official clout, released an independent report on the *Tasman Spirit* fiasco at Karachi. Based on a careful hydrographic survey, the report states that official depth data was seriously in error and the doomed tanker had to run aground at that tidal stage. It was also not accompanied by a tug, although that is required by port rules. The report also suggests that port officials lacked necessary technical and management skills. Claims arising from the stranding and two subsequent salvage efforts are presently at the \$7 billion level but should expand to \$13 billion once environmental claims from the massive oil spill are included.

Winter's shorter daylight hours will mean that daytime restricted Suezmax tankers will take longer (ten instead of five days) to transit the Turkish Straits. This is normal, but increasing numbers of tankers carrying Black Sea oil are stretching the ability of the Straits to provide safe passage.

The Indonesian Navy took into custody an Indonesian-operated fishing vessel whose 26 Burmese crew members had mutinied and thrown overboard seven Thais, including the master but not the Thai chief engineer.

## Hard Knocks and Skinny Places

As usual, a sampling: The small Indonesian tanker *Putri I*, responding to a need for premium gasoline in East Flores, had an engine room explosion that killed two and left the chief engineer missing.

The 53,439-dwt coal-carrying *Peng Yang* ran aground in the Ma Wan channel although a Hong Kong pilot was in control. He may have been evading another vessel. The channel is the main route between Hong Kong and the Pearl River Estuary. Local fish farmers promptly claimed coal and dust from the vessel's ruptured holds would harm their fish stocks.

The empty freighter *Jackie Moon* ran aground in the Firth of Clyde and a Ukrai-

# Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

nian watchkeeper was jailed for two weeks for being drunk at the time. The ship was pulled off on the next high tide.

Near Quebec City the Liberian-flagged, 1,500-teu container ship *Canadian Senator* ran down a 54' sailboat and two died.

A cargo ship carrying rice for Somalia sank off India's west coast, 20 seamen missing.

The bulkers *Joy Victory* and *New Hope II* collided in the approaches to Hong Kong with severe damages to the perhaps misnamed *Joy Victory*.

The brand-new 7,650-dwt bulker *Onego Merchant* tried to climb out of Norway's Sognefjord and got some 25 metres ashore before stopping. The bridge crew was not drunk and a pilot was present.

"I blame myself," said the owner/master of a sail training vessel, the 105-year-old Dutch klipper *Albatross*, who allowed a 77-year-old pensioner to climb the rigging. He apparently collapsed and fell into the sea, hitting the vessel on his way down.

"If people really want to climb up and have a look around, we let them, it's part of being on a sailing ship."

A satellite distress beacon was triggered when a British rower's boat capsized and the signal was immediately noticed by the British and U.S. Coast Guards. United States Coast Guard Alaska arranged for the container ship *Hanjin Pennsylvania* to pick up the rower, then some 1,600 miles west of the U.S.

## Navies

In Israel and Germany war games an Israeli Dolphin-class sub followed a German sub at a safe distance without being detected for "several hours" at a depth of "several hundred metres" until the end of the exercise.

A U.S. firm, Halliburton's subsidiary Kellogg, Brown & Root, will be one of six international firms asked to bid on managing construction of two British aircraft carriers since the designers/builders BAE Systems (British) and Thales (France) cannot seem to get along with each other, or with the Ministry of Defence either.

Italian shipbuilder Fincantieri launched the aircraft carrier *Cavour* for the Italian Navy and won contracts to design another carrier for the Indian Navy and to assist the Cochin Shipyard in building it for delivery in 2007. Fincantieri is also building two submarines and two frigates for Italy.

## Ferries

Loose exhaust manifold parts rubbed a hole in the block of one of the four main engines on the new Alaskan ferry *Fairweather*. The engine will be replaced under warranty.

The new fast ferry from Rochester, New York to Toronto will cease operations for a while due to a \$2.1 million debt piled up by a late start and multiple problems. Over 140,000 passengers were carried in 80 days but the late start was compounded by problems with engines (of the same make as on Alaska's *Fairweather*), unexpected daily costs such as \$600 for pilotage and \$2,500

for Canadian customs fees, the inability to be allowed to carry trucks, and higher fuel costs. The final straw? Toronto is yet to supply an all-weather terminal. In large part, it would seem that local and federal governments on both sides of Lake Ontario have not cooperated with the company.

Two ferry companies serve Ireland's Aran Islands and they are not friends. Forty-two complaints were received by the police and the court ordered two company directors, both named O'Brien but unrelated, to desist from harassing the rival company.

Did the Royal Canadian Mounted Police pressure young people against boarding a ferry to Bowen Island where the annual Bowfest was about to start? The RMCP said it didn't but a ferry official said some cashiers were told by the RMCP to sell tickets only to island residents.

Federal prosecutors asked for a stop to all lawsuits concerning the Staten Island ferry crash until criminal charges against two supervisors are resolved. The pilot of the *Andrew J. Barberi* has already pled guilty to 11 manslaughter charges.

Brittany Ferries' flagship superferry *Pont-Aven* couldn't sail between the U.K. and Spain because a cracked seawater valve flooded the engine room and some 4,000 passengers had to find alternative routes. It took several days to make repairs.

Jeff Fisher knows his priorities. When his dog Ruben went overboard from the Bremerton ferry *Hyak*, he went after it. Luckily, the ferry crew retrieved both of them.

## Environment

Holland America will install net and line cutters on the propellers of all its cruise ships in efforts to avoid spilling shaft lubricants, which can total many thousands of gallons per ship.

Conoco Phillips tankers carry most of the oil produced in Alaska but authorities are investigating possible unreported fuel spills and other violations. Oily water spilled on the deck of the *Polar Discovery* at sea, there was intentional bypassing of the oily water separator on the *Polar Alaska*, and bunker oil spilled on the deck of the *Polar Endeavour*. Recently, the company paid \$485,000 in penalties for violations of the Clean Water Act at its Tyonek natural-gas platform in upper Cook Inlet, mostly for dumping raw sewage.

The U.S. Department of Justice warned ship owners to fear prosecution if any vessel en route to a U.S. port should pollute the oceans.

"That our prosecution efforts may make maritime companies uncomfortable or even fearful is not a bad development," said a Justice Department spokesman.

Bad air pollution causing bad visibility in Hong Kong waters was blamed for a spate of ship accidents, mostly collisions but including at least one sinking. The smog was attributed to Hurricane Megi over the East China Sea trapping pollution generated in neighboring Guangdong Province.

In southeastern Turkey the *Ulla*, carrying 2200 tonnes of coal ash from power stations in Spain, sank and environmentalists warned that the waste "containing cancer-causing heavy metal" could contaminate more than 300,000 tonnes of water.

"It is forbidden to dive, fish, or eat dead fish from the area," said Turkey's official



center for marine disasters. The *Ulla* had been moored in Iskerderun Bay since 2000 while authorities and greenies argued over the cargo. The sinking is suspicious, according to some, since the ship was due to return to Spain. (Note: The world's seas must contain many millions of tons of ash from the days of coal-burning ships.)

Off Point Lonsdale in Australia a freak wave estimated to be 9.5m (31') high washed a seaman around on the deck at the bow of the container ship *Aotearoa Chief*, fracturing his leg, and killed another seaman.

Ohio would like to make Lake Erie a No-Discharge zone for vessel sewage, but state waters extend to the boundary with Canada. Commercial vessels in transit might have to secure their automatic sewage treatment plants to avoid inadvertent discharges.

### Piracy and Terrorism

Radiation sensors are becoming uncomfortably sensitive, as a Washington State woman learned when she tried to board a ferry and police and Coast Guard boats quickly converged on the scene. She had just received chemotherapy using a radioactive substance.

Piracy is significantly down since Singapore, Malaysia, and Indonesia began coordinated patrols of the Malacca Straits in July. And the Indonesian Navy captured seven pirates who may have been part of gang of nine who stopped and robbed the foreign cargo ship *ACX Hibiscus* in the Natura Islands north of Borneo.

The U.S. wants new global rules that would force all ships within 3,200km (2,000 miles) of a country to identify themselves and their locations. This is a substantial increase over the new requirement, effective in December, that ships broadcast their position and other information when within 80km (50 miles) of a coast. That requirement is facing opposition from some shippers who say the broadcasts could be used by pirates, terrorists, and hostile nations.

The master of the Turkish vessel who joked about a bomb being on board while his ship was being inspected in Delaware Bay in July was deported after being jailed until a new master could arrive.

An Indonesian intelligence chief stated that detained Muslim militarists linked to al-Qaeda have admitted they considered terror attacks on shipping in the Malacca Strait.

### Building, Scrapping, Repair, and Salvage

Subsidies given four Dutch shipyards by their government in 2002 were ruled illegal by the EU competition authorities.

Dubai Drydocks plans to build medium-sized ships such as tankers.

In Finland, Kvaerner Masa will build a prototype 14,500-dwt container ship that may replace the SA-15-type vessels that have been used across the top of the Russian continent for the last 20 years.

Troubled Spanish shipbuilder Izar, although accused of receiving illegal aid from its owner, the Spanish government, was awarded the contract to design a new Australian amphibious ship. In Australia, Austral Ltd. joined with the American firm Raytheon Co. to bid for the contract to build the two 25,000-tonne amphibious ships at a cost up to A\$2 billion. The ships would be in service between 2010 and 2014. Australian builder Tenix will bid for a A\$6 billion three-de-

stroyer contract because the government ruled that no one company can hold both contracts.

Norwegian yards have orders for 29 vessels, a 500% increase over last year's order book of only seven vessels. In Germany, merging Howaldtswerke-Deutscher Werft (HDW) with Thyssen Krupp's shipyards into HDW Thyssen Krupp will cost some of the new firm's 10,000 workers their jobs but will bring \$293 million into One Equity Partner's coffers for its majority stake in HDW.

China will build its first LNG carrier and that country has overtaken Singapore as the favorite ship repair site in Asia, one reason being that costs are 30% lower. In fact, yards are turning away many repair jobs.

India's Alang Beach lacks any large ships being scrapped and only 47 of 173 scrapping plots have a ship as Indian scrap-pers face stiff competition from Bangladesh and China. A recent reduction of customs duty on imported steel (i.e., vessels to be scrapped) from 15% to 5% may mean that Alang scrap-pers can increase volume by 50-70% and make the scrap-pers more competitive in a steel hungry Asia. But scrap-pers say the cut may have come too late and they note that the government also imposes other duties that are counterproductive.

Earlier this year, and in spite of strong objections by environmentalists, a U.S. court allowed four ex-U.S. Navy support ships to depart U.S. shores for scrapping in the U.K., but they are tied up there until British courts and authorities settle the status of scrapping contractor Able UK.

The U.S. court decided that the four would serve as trial horses for another nine vessels. Now the Maritime Administration wants the court to allow it to substitute 36 vessels with lower or no PCBs. Marad is under direction from Congress to rid the Reserve Fleets of older vessels that may become environmental hazards.

The U.K. P&I Club and Seoul-based operator Eukor would like to partially salvage the sunken car carrier *Hyundai 105* off Singapore, removing just enough so a fully laden VLCC can pass over the remains with a 5m clearance. But Indonesia is insisting upon total removal, a far more expensive matter.

### Short-Seas Shipping

New Zealand has approved a proposal to barge logs from Port Underwood to Shakespeare Bay in Picton rather than transport by truck. (Picton may also become a terminus for barging coal overseas to Australia and China).

### Odd Bits

The skipper of the smallish container ship *Annette* had a few drinks because it was hours before sailing time, only to find upon his return to the vessel at Grangemouth on the Firth of Forth that the sailing time had been advanced by three hours. The pilot noticed he seemed drunk and police used new-found powers that allow assessing a mariner's alcohol levels to determine that the master's level was 82 vs. the legal limit of 32. He was fined £400 although the fine could have been £5000. He was also fired.

A Mexican company arranged for the 34,194-dwt cement carrier *Mary Nour* to unload 26,000 tonnes of Russian cement at Tampico and then stay there as a floating stor-

age and transfer ship. All permits had been obtained in advance but the major Mexican cement company Cemex then claimed that the ship would block access to its plant, although the channel is 300m (984') wide. The ship was diverted to another port where authorities treated its cargo as smuggled goods. The ship is without fresh food or water and the crew is using bottled water for hygienic purposes.

The Port of Rotterdam's chief executive is in trouble for committing the Port to guarantee \$120.5 million in loans to a defense company whose subsidiaries are bankrupt. This was learned when the Dutch government received a fax stating that RDM Technology and Defence Systems was a harbor authority subsidiary. Members of the Dutch Government may also be involved.

The reefer *Green Alesund* ran aground in Norway late in 2000 and was a total loss. Its bunkers spilled (cleanup cost \$12.6 million) while its cargo of herring and mackerel rotted and was exported to Denmark as fuel for a biofuel power station. Okrim, an organization that looks into economic crime, conducted an exceedingly slow investigation of the accident, and so the ship's master was recently awarded \$3,728 as compensation for undue stress on him and his reputation.

And crewmen who were aboard the Australian aircraft carrier *HMAS Melbourne* when it sliced the destroyer *HMAS Voyager* in half some 40 years ago are filing lawsuits over the resultant stress and its bad effects on them. One plaintiff was just awarded U.S. \$210,000 and about 50 more suits have yet to be heard.

The New Zealand Sink F-69 Trust wants to sink the decommissioned frigate *Wellington* (pennant number F-69) in Wellington Harbour as a dive site.

The world's largest ship, the 564,767-dwt tanker *Jahre Viking*, will be converted into a floating oil storage unit for use off Qatar.

And a mining company is thinking about building a 541,000-dwt vessel to move ore from Brazil to China. The company already owns the world's largest bulk carrier, the 364,767-dwt *Berge Stahl*.

Compressing natural gas for movement by ship is introducing a wild card factor in the debate over the safety of LNG, in which gas is cooled until it is a liquid.

A forecast predicts that 15,000 offshore wells will be drilled in the next five years at a cost of \$189 billion. About 4,500 wells will be exploratory and 10,500 will be developmental. Latin America and Africa will see increasing numbers of wells, and deepwater wells (below 500m) will see significant growth.

Clearing cargoes on the West Coast had fallen behind so the union OK'd hiring of an additional but temporary 3,000 dockworkers for Los Angeles/Long Beach. Hopefuls mailed in 300,000 applications.

### Headshakers

A father and son in an inflatable needed rescuing after becoming stranded on a remote mud flat off Somerset, England. Exactly 24 hours later the trio drifted out to sea and needed rescuing again.

The port of Dover saw its busiest single day of truck ferry travel when the Chunnel was closed because of bad weather (it affected train signals).

## Mirabella V Represents Major Technical Triumph

VT Shipbuilding (formerly Vosper Thornycroft) has completed one of the most demanding technical challenges in nearly 150 years of shipbuilding history with the handover of *Mirabella V*.

The 75m sloop is the biggest single masted yacht in the world and tested VT's capabilities as one of the leading experts in the field of specialized composite construction. Besides the hull and superstructure, VT has further extended the barriers of technology with the manufacture of the 90m mast by its subsidiary VT Halmatic.

VT Shipbuilding Managing Director Peter McIntosh commented, "We always recognised that *Mirabella V* would involve considerable advances in composite boat-building technology, and the experience we have gained in this project has placed us in an unrivaled position of technical knowledge. *Mirabella V* is one of the most significant ships built by VT in the company's long history. Our reputation and strength is based on naval shipbuilding, but we are proud to have built the world's most famous yacht here in the U.K."

Designed by Ron Holland, she will carry up to 12 passengers in luxury surroundings, with facilities on board including a large wine cellar and an outdoor cinema. Guests will also be able to sail small yachts, enjoy remote controlled replicas of the *Mirabella V*, ride jet skis and have their own 29' motor launch, all carried in a garage at the stern of the vessel. Charter cost will be some \$250,000 a week.

Her maiden voyage will be from Portsmouth to Naples and, after crew familiarization, she will start her charter life in the Mediterranean, switching to the Caribbean in winter.

*Mirabella V* owner, U.S. businessman Joe Vittoria, added, "The challenge that *Mirabella V* presented was enormous and I admire VT for taking on such a daunting task, particularly with such little experience in yacht building. However, the result is a yacht that will attract superlatives wherever she goes and it's a huge credit to all those who have been involved."

Composite materials were chosen for the yacht due to their light weight and because they offer greater strength, lower maintenance, and durability. VT has worked closely with designer Ron Holland, owner's representative Paul Johnson, structural specialists High Modulus, classification society Det Norske Veritas, and the Maritime Coastguard Agency in the construction process.

The composite hull started life as a foam cored glass and resin sandwich, but soon changed into a Kevlar, carbon, glass, and foam matrix, reinforced with carbon along each stiffener and in way of each bulkhead. Panels were infused under vacuum in the Woolston panel shop at VT's former shipyard before being cut to form bulkheads using Mylar templates accurately cut on the VT laser cutter. Laminators from VT Shipbuilding and Powys Yacht Management used their skills to construct the detailed structure around the novel two anchor bow design and the large garage at the transom of the vessel, capable of accepting a 37kt tender.

## More About Mirabella V & Other Mega Yachts

By Bob Hicks



My "Commentary" in the October 15 issue discussing an article I read in *Forbes FYI* about *Mirabella V*, the world's largest sloop rigged sailboat, elicited quite a response from readers who sent on supplementary information about this far side of messing about in boats.

Roger Derby pointed out to me how easily I could have learned more about *Mirabella V* were I online. Herewith his note and the info he found posted on the internet:

"Your 10/15/04 editorial shows me just how much of an advantage one can gain from being on the internet. Less than one minute produced the following data (and a lot more)."

Because of the vessel's size, much of the machinery and many of the fittings for the yacht have been developed uniquely for *Mirabella V*. One of the biggest production challenges was the drop keel, which weighs 150 tonnes and is raised by powerful hydraulics to reduce the vessel's draught. It is the heaviest lifting fin keel in the world. Capable of lifting 6m into the hull the fin takes eight minutes to deploy using a single hydraulic ram.

The 90m hollow carbon epoxy mast, which has a maximum cross section of 1.6m and structural thickness of up to 40mm, will support some 3400sm of sail. It was manufactured in halves, with the back half comprising two sections and the front half divided into three sections. The manufacturing process, a similar method to that used in the production of Grand Prix racing cars and in the aerospace industry, consisted of layers of carbon reinforcement prepregged with epoxy resin. The mast sections were cured using a heat process with temperatures up to 70°C. All five sections were then bonded together before being faired and painted.

Up to 500 kilograms of cabling have been fitted within the hollow center of the mast, including a mass of sensors to monitor the sail performance. The mast and its components were manufactured by Ocean Yacht

Services, Spencer Rigging, VT Halmatic, and Formula Spars before being assembled at Southampton Docks by Byrne Longshore.

VT's design and production team was responsible for the engineering and electrical design on the vessel and the internal systems statistics give an idea of the challenges faced: 110km of electrical wiring fitted to the vessel, 1,700 command and control channels, and nearly 7,000 pipes combine to supply the power and fluids to the systems on board.

But all of the engineering should go unnoticed by the guests as they enjoy the teak and fabric lined cabins, each with its own individual entertainment system complete with TFT flat screens, satellite communications, and DVD players, all integrated with the personnel address system by Ships Electronic Services.

Alternatively, the guests will lounge on sun beds fitted to the cantilevered carbon fiber sky deck, relax in the forward Jacuzzi, or swim in the starboard dip pool, specially designed by Ron Holland to stow the rescue boat and crew tender when on passage below flush fitted decks. The polished stainless steel crane, completed by VT, again stowed below flush fitting deck panels, rises neatly out of its own well to lift both boats over the side.

VT *Mirabella V* Project Director Rob Carr says, "Designed and built in three years from contract award, *Mirabella V* will be a landmark ship in all respects, and the experience VT Shipbuilding has gained from this project will shape the way we do business in the future."

### Mirabella V Principal Details

Length Overall: 75.2m  
Waterline length at full load: 61.0m  
Beam molded: 14.82m  
Draft (centerboard up): 3.9m  
Draft (centerboard down): 10.0m  
Full load displacement: 740 tonnes  
Inner jib plus main sail area: 2210sm  
Reacher plus main sail area: 2791sm  
Maximum propulsion power: 2x788kw at 2,188rpm  
Maximum continuous speed: 16kts  
Electrical generators (main): 2x200kw  
Emergency generator: 1x80kw

### "Living Large"

*Sail* magazine featured *Mirabella V* in its March 2004 issue in a four-page spread on the new megayachts. In it we learn quite a bit more about this megayacht. The metric dimensions posted on the internet site translated into our familiar English measurements; 247'loa, 48' beam, 42,630sf sail area, 765 tons displacement, 103 ton bulb keel lifting through a range of 20', 290' mast.

Their discussion focused more on the boat's technology than the *Forbes FYI* focus on the luxurious amenities, of course. Why build so big a yacht? Because builders who build ships can. Like that lifting keel, 231,000 lbs. in a keelbox designed to withstand 150,000 TONS of force in a knockdown.



The working rigging needed for so huge a rig is awesome. A jib furler 8' tall with a 2' diameter drum has a pulling load of 8 TONS when furling the 8,100sf jib. The genoa sheets are 35mm (1-3/8") trimmed by hydraulic reel winches with a pulling force of 30 TONS. Harken had to learn a whole new scale of manufacturing to supply its rigging gear. The mainsail headboard is a piece of 1" thick titanium strong enough to support the weight of an entire maxi yacht.

Ordinary sail material like Dacron or laminates was unusable for the 14,000sf main, so Doyle Sailmakers developed a new material, a Vectra weave with as much as 70,000 deniers/inch with a breaking strength of 3,000 lbs./in. The sail is made in seven pieces held together by 3-1/2" diameter battens, the longest 78'. Even so, the single largest panel, at 3,500sf weighs 882 lbs.

Scary outfit to sail perhaps in a blow? Well, if the boat heels more than 15 degrees a visual alarm notifies the helmsman and, if he's slow off the mark, at 20 degrees the boom vang and sheets pay out automatically.

Sail included a couple of sidebars, one about the world's fastest monohull, the 140' schooner *Mari-Cha*, which set a monohull record Atlantic crossing west to east in October 2003, averaging just under 20kts while beating the old record by two days. The main design criterium for this megayacht was "to establish the size of the largest sail that would maintain its shape at high speeds and proceed from there." A second sidebar was headed "The XXL Club" and featured *Athena*, a 295' three masted schooner. It went on to discuss large scale booms and rigging equipment like a 190' long gennaker sleeve mounted on a 9' base, and a 55' x 4' boom for the super yacht *Adele*.

## The Builders

The builders of today's serious bragging rights yachts are understandably really shipbuilders. One which has been building ships for 125 years and has been pursuing the megayacht trade since the mid '80s is Blohm & Voss in Hamburg, Germany. Phil Thiel, a naval architect himself, sent on this news release about their latest effort which appeared in *Maritime Reporter & Engineering News*:

### "The M-147 Megayacht Makes Its Debut



Blohm & Voss GmbH in Hamburg, which has built ships of all variety, shape, and size for more than 125 years, has a tradition building megayachts since the mid 1980s. The

latest project from its burgeoning stable is the M-147, a 482' (147m) long luxury yacht which aims to set new standards in design, outfit, and functionality.

M-147 was created in collaboration with the designer Hermidas Atabeyki, Paris. His fundamental idea was to develop several thematically different spatial elements instead of long continuous decks and, at the same time, retain spaciousness and grand scale. The result is various loggias, balconies, oriels, and sun decks. A special characteristic of the M-147 is, among other things, a loggia which stretches over the whole width of the yacht, linking the main salon with the dining room. In the stern a round shaped room with a continuous glass front provides an impressive 270 degree panorama view. In addition the yacht is equipped with a swimming pool on the upper deck, a cinema, and a disco.

The yacht has a garage for a submarine, with which the owner and guests can go on discovery trips through the underwater world, and a helicopter pad. An 18m long tender has been integrated into the silhouette.

Blohm & Voss took its first yacht building steps before WWII with the *Savarona*. The 408' (124.4m) long ship was delivered to the U.S. billionaire couple Cadwaladar on July 24, 1931. With the most luxurious outfit and a speed of 21 knots, the *Savarona* attracted worldwide attention at the time. Following a thorough refurbishment, which included reinstating the fixtures and outfit to the style of the 1930s, the *Savarona* is still in service today.

The *Katalina* is the first of the newer yachts which have been built by Blohm & Voss since the mid 1980s. Special attention was paid to reducing vibration and noises when designing this 214' (65.2m) long yacht. In the case of the 250.6' (76.4m) *Golden Odyssey*, Blohm & Voss took on sole responsibility for the design and construction.

The exhaust gases of this yacht are discharged directly underneath the surface of the water, an innovative solution for a boat of this size. In 1991 Blohm & Voss delivered the ultra modern 37kt *ECO*, propelled by a system proven in naval shipbuilding, which consist of two KHD diesel engines and a gas turbine."



A lengthy interview, in a sidebar, with the designer reveals his almost total focus on this yacht as a luxury environment. He could have been discussing his design for a megahome.

Reverting back to the *Forbes* FYI feature that got me going on this tack, we find that the British firm of Camper & Nicholson, not to be left behind by its German competitor, ran this infomercial in connection with the magazine's look at megayachts:

## Camper & Nicholson's Christens The Seas With A Cruising Masterpiece



If Malcolm Forbes were alive today he would most likely delight in the evolution of a new trend in luxury yachting. Called expedition, this chic art of cruising the oceans in massive vessels to aremore parts of the world while offering a lavish megayacht lifestyle is setting charter companies like Camper & Nicholson's International (CNI) ablaze with clients seeking a combination of adventure and luxury.

Providing a passport to some of the most beautiful and remote parts of the world while partaking of exquisite gourmet cuisine, exemplary service, and world class accommodations, the superyacht and expedition charter experience is a five star event.

Forbes, who may have unknowingly assisted in the birth of this ambitious pastime, called a venture in his 151' Feadship *Highlander* up the Amazon a "daunting proposition." For Forbes "the Amazon had always been a mystique, a sublimely forbidding quality," and he sought to blaze a trail in 1987 for 17 days with 13 of his closest friends. There, a typical day consisted of thrashing through the thick brush of the jungle, machete in hand, and then dining in the evening by candlelight on lamb chops and mashed potato rosettes while sharing his adventurous day with wide eyed guests.

Camper & Nicholson's International clients today are seeking much of the same, trips filled with enough imagination and amenities to create memories that recall a best selling romance/adventure novel. Specializing in appeasing these desires, the company presents *Giant*, a fabulous Dutch built icebreaker that emulates the style and design of ocean liners of the '30s.

Popular among corporate executives seeking unique entertainment options for clientele and ultra private environments for corporate retreats, *Giant* accommodates 24 guests in 12 cabins, including a three room owner's suite and another 11 suites, all with private lounging areas.

Boasting a crew of 30, the Ice Classed One (the highest classification designated) vessel was created to present a charter yacht that could be used anywhere in the world with a high level of comfort. Formerly owned and operated by the Soviet Union, *Giant* was built in Holland in 1974 along with three other vessels. Her high strength steel hull is corrosion resistant, and the ship was completely gutted, refitted and refined.

Serving both the corporate entertainment industry as well as large private charters, she has created a monumental interest among an avid worldwide charter audience. As a grandstand for corporate entertaining for larger

groups of guests, CNI offers a fleet of yachts to cruise in tandem or can provide a single megayacht with accommodations for up to 36 guests and crew numbers to match. Fabulous yachts like *Giant*, *Annaliese* and her sister ship, *Alysia*, and the newly launched *Sherakhan* are available for both corporate and private charters.

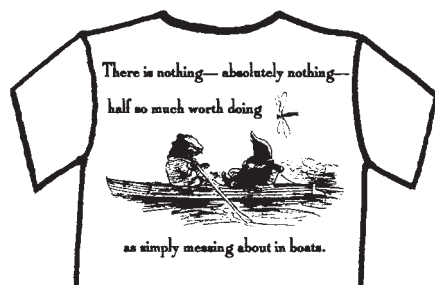
A charter through CNI offers endless opportunities for indulgence. If a glamorous, jet set social life is more your taste, your charter may be planned to tie in with one of many world famous special events such as the Monaco Grand Prix or the Cannes Film Festival.

*Giant* is currently planning a world tour. Beginning in late summer 2005 and crossing to Patagonia, the tour will finish in Valencia in 2007 in time for the America's Cup. For more information on *Giant*, go to [www.cnconnect.com/giant](http://www.cnconnect.com/giant).

## And for Those Not Quite So Affluent

Perhaps in recognition that its readership includes affluent folks not yet up to speed for a *Mirabella V* or a *Giant*, *Forbes FYI* included some shorter sidebars to its overview of the luxury yacht world.

Dropping down a ways on the price range, Hinckley's first new sailing yacht in 15 years came in at under \$1 million. The DS42 is described as a "curvy daysailer," and was designed by Bruce King. We learn that, "her long, open cockpit is perfect for beam reaching with friends." Despite being intended as a daysailer, she has "a cozy den of cherry, teak, and tulipwood." A 7' bulb keel lifts to 4' for "waltzing over shallows," and she "purrs along" with a battery powered auxiliary electric motor. The mainsail is hydraulically hoisted, hatches are flush to the deck. Her hull is Kevlar and carbonfiber. Summing it up, "The DS42 marries high technology and drop dead beauty. \$735,000 fully equipped."



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Ratcheting down several more levels on the affluence scale, *Forbes FYI* concluded its overlook of luxury yachts with Grand Craft runabouts that could easily serve as tenders for the top of the line stuff. Assessing these modern day versions of classic Chris Crafts, FYI concludes that, "there are few boats on the water that start off more purely gorgeous, more retro elegant than the Grand Craft line." They are viewed as being built "with an eye toward recapturing the grace of the iconic mahogany Chris Craft boats of the 1930s." While modern materials require much less maintenance than the originals, "the craftsmanship, however, remains very old school, from the hand selected planks of reddish Philippine mahogany to the more than 6,000 screws utilized per boat, each one concealed with a tiny round mahogany bung."

Grand Crafts come in three styles; the open cockpit Sport, the triple cockpit Classic, and the enclosed Commuter. A 28' Classic is base priced (before options) at \$149,000 and will take six months to one year to build.



## And Who Will Maintain These Yachts?

Backing up the megayacht feature in *Forbes FYI* was an advertising section presenting the services of Global Ship Systems of Savannah, Georgia. So as to set at ease any concerns a potential purchaser of a megayacht might have about getting qualified service, Global goes into some detail about its capabilities in a full page infomercial supplementing a striking full page ad showing an appropriate megayacht (motor) docked beside its 535' graving dock (with a retractable cover) and an entirely covered wet boat slip. Turns out the place was once a manufacturing facility for U.S. Navy minesweepers, hence the scale.

The infomercial tells us about how Global has been a great boon to owners of megayachts damaged in Florida's four hurricanes this past fall. For the owner who might hang about while his megayacht is being worked on, Global offers all sorts of shoreside amenities; onsite office facilities, phone and internet connections, onsite cafeteria, complimentary daily newspapers, fresh doughnuts, and 24 hour security.

For the owner staying longer, Savannah is touted as a fine city to enjoy, starting right across the river from Global at a luxury five star resort. Curious? Check their website at [www.globalship systems.com](http://www.globalship systems.com).

## And Lastly, A Try For Some Perspective

Reader Bruce Osborn of Santa Barbara, California, coincidentally happened to send along these two photos taken while on a recent outing in Morrow Bay which chronicle a brief moment when the far ends of messing about in boats crossed courses as he tried (unsuccessfully) while rowing his 16' Appledore pod, to overtake the world's third largest megayacht, owned by a Microsoft original founder, Paul Allen. After that effort, Bruce beached his boat, one we can relate to, near famed Morro Rock.





All the coast of the big bend of Florida (Apalachee Bay) is, and always has been, very productive fishing grounds. Each section has developed its own kind of boat to suit its particular situation. Over to the east of Franklin County all the way around to Crystal River, the coastline is mostly deeply indented marshland best suited to small skiffboats. I don't want to raise any hackles, but I believe Wakulla County is where the biggest and best mullet in the world grow, and the fishermen of that county traditionally worked that resource most skillfully out of small skiffs less than 16' long.

I wrote an article about them for the TSCA (Traditional Small Craft Association, a worthy crew) *Ash Breeze*. Over here in Franklin County, where I live, the bay is more open and the shoreline is more sandy and, though mullet are plentiful and much sought after, the main inshore fishery is for oysters and crabs. I know my opinion is of no real significance, but I have eaten a lot of oysters and the ones called "Apalachicola" are the best I have ever eaten. Chesapeake oysters (is there still such a thing?) are too fresh to suit me.

On the Chesapeake they drag them with sailboats because the law says that no internal combustion could be used. I don't know what happened to that idea but it was a good one. The way technology is these days, any fishery that is not strictly regulated is in immediate danger of extinction, and I don't know but what they all are anyway unless somebody figures out a way to actually regulate pollution instead of talking a lot of noise and accomplishing nothing as is the present state. It is a tradition with government that they fool around until it is too late with any kind of environmental protection and we certainly can't count on the fishermen to regulate themselves.

The best example I can think of is the amazingly cheap and effective nylon monofilament gill net. When they invented that thing, man, it was Katie bar the door, but Katie was asleep at the switch. Ingenious fishermen overfished all species of inshore fish so bad that it became apparent to enough plain, ordinary people that serious environmental damage was being done and they rose up (with a lot of big money support from powerful sports fishery magazines and such) and amended the constitution of the state of Florida to outlaw gill nets of any kind.

It was overkill and eliminated the traditional profession of thousands of people. A little timely regulation by the Florida Fisheries Commission would have prevented that but they were asleep at the switch or on a coffee break or trying to catch up on their frequent flier miles.

I didn't mean to get onto that sore subject. I was just going to explain the fishing boats of Franklin County when I started this. There are two main kinds, oyster skiffs and crab skiffs. I don't know the ancient history of them, but when I came along they had become more or less standardized to a design by a Mr. Joe Lolly over in Eastpoint, halfway between Carrabelle and Apalachicola. Mr. Joe was a very skillful boat builder with many years experience building everything from big, round bottomed offshore red snapper (another fishery ruined by tardy regulation) boats to little skiffs. His oyster and crab boats were so well adapted to the conditions

## Working Skiffs of Franklin County Florida

By Robb White

of the work and the bay that they quickly set the standard.

The first ones were all cypress built. They were some 20' long and maybe 7' wide and chine built and, though they had a shallow vee bottom in the bow, they were mostly flat bottomed boats and then there are other flat bottomed boats. I don't want to cause anybody to start snorting through their noses and stomping around in a fury, but I think the Atkins were the champion drawers of plans for flat bottomed skiffs. They had that magic touch of being able to make a sow's ear look like a silk purse, and so did Joe Lolly.

You could tell a Lolly skiff from one of the many imitations with just a glance. I don't think you could have walked around with all sorts of sophisticated measuring devices and found much actual difference but there certainly was something about the real thing. For one thing, a cypress Lolly skiff would last 30 years, which is saying something about a working skiff down here. One of the things he did that is hard to do (and I am here to tell you) was he could twist a good flare to the bow and then take it to a tumblehome stern on a two plank sided boat. One way to fudge a little of the difficulty out of that is to put too much rake to the stem of the boat but that wastes lumber. It is a shame to cut the end off a 20' board for the chine plank just to make the job go easier, and besides it wastes waterline length to rake the stem too much.

That little vee at the forefoot was another thing. You know, if you pull a good flare into the bow of a flat sided boat it not only makes an abruptness to the sheer up there but the side planks pick up off the base line at the bottom, too. If you were to turn the boat over and plank it flat bottomed like that there would be way too much rocker in the bottom forward and the boat would pound real bad and throw water straight out in front of it like a jon boat or one of these big fiberglass jon boats called "Carolina Skiffs" which are so popular in smooth water situations these days. The vee that Mr. Lolly built into the bottom forward not only kept the waterline length as long as possible (an important thing for a load carrying boat or any other planing boat for that matter... you know it has to walk before it can run) but made for a dry boat that did not pound too much. Of course, with a loaded oyster skiff pounding was not a problem.

Even though the vee kept the bottom of the boat in the water pretty good forward, the keel line still curved up a little bit right at the forefoot. Mr. Lolly put a little wedge of wood down here to not only to take the scuffing of beaching the boat but to give a little toehold to help the boat hold up into the wind a little bit better. They still do that around here... call it a "toe." Nobody would think of building a plywood oyster or crab skiff without a cypress toe. It wouldn't take but one or two times of beaching on the pile of oyster shells at the shucking house before the plywood of the forefoot would be gone. Yep, the work-

ing skiffs of Franklin County are plywood now.

During Joe Lolly's lifetime (he died sometime in the late '70s... still building skiffs) it got hard to get good cypress so he did like most everybody else and switched to plywood. It was still easy to identify a Lolly skiff, though. He went up to 23' with plywood (two 12' sheets scarfed together) but he kept his flare and all the tumblehome he could twist into the plywood without over-stressing it and had the same little vee forward and the necessary toe.

I believe this is the place to explain the difference between a crab skiff and an oyster skiff. They had the same hull. I think that was dictated by the possible methods of construction and the mean chop of this bay up here. An oyster skiff was laid out with very wide sides, decks flush with the gunwales of the boat so the man (and I mean that) could stand there and work the tongs. Mechanical harvesting has never been successful around here. Oyster tongs look like two long tined steel rakes with 20' handles hooked together like scissors. The man stands on the gunwales of the boat and works the handles so that the rakes dig around in the oysters down on the bottom and break them loose and let the little ones fall through the tines.

It is very hard work and there is an art to it, too. After a little while of working the long handles of the tongs, a good man will pull up about 10 lbs. of big oysters, mostly separated from empty shells and shorts. He'll dump them on the culling board and take him a little break while he knocks off the ones that are too little and the empty shells and sacks the big oysters up in a burlap bag ("croker sack" in the south). When he is ready to take up the tongs again, he dumps the culls back in the bay and climbs up on the side of the boat and goes back to work, and work it is, too... make a man out of anybody. I don't think it is good to provoke an oysterman beyond his tolerance, so I never have.

An oyster skiff is worked off the bow so the man can pull his anchor (the favorite is an automobile flywheel) and move to an unworked part of the bar. It has a little square house way back on the stern where he can sit and steer on his way back with such a load (hopefully) that the boat is borderline with the freeboard and throwing water like a destroyer. The little house serves two purposes. One, obviously, is to give the man a little shelter while he is bringing in the load, but the other is to give a little aft windage to the anchored skiff so it won't sail back and forth and make him lose his place on the bottom.

The favorite engine of oystermen used to be the old heavy duty OMC, two cylinder 40h, tiller steered, rope cranked engine. They were good old stuff and would sometimes hold up for two or even three years in that rough service. The tiller steered version with the pull rope was never popular with recreational boaters because it was so hard to pull the big pistons through compression with a rope. I used to have to grab the rope with both hands and brace one foot against the transom to start one, but an 80-year-old oysterman can start one with just a flick of the wrist.

I used to stop on the causeway leading to the old swing bridge across the river into Apalach and watch the loaded oyster skiffs coming in. Sometimes they would be so loaded that they weren't actually planing but

the man would be sitting in his little house, looking out of his little square window, bringing home the bacon with the handles of the tongs sticking out over the bow. I used to meet him at the dock and buy a whole bag... \$7.50 right off the boat. Good money and good oysters.

You know it takes a good bit of skill to shuck oysters while you are driving a car but I could do it and, though I do not advocate distraction when driving, I advise anybody to do that. Take old SR 65 off of 98, just east of Eastpoint and head up north on that. You won't see any other cars at all. Just be careful not to drop a naked oyster in your lap and run off the road into Whiskey George Creek trying to get him back out of your crotch.

I used to ride a motorcycle down here but I never learned how to shuck oysters while riding it. I could, though, roll a cigarette out of Prince Albert and an ungummed OCB paper on a motorcycle. Of course, I had to slow down to about 70 to do that. That brings up another observation. I don't believe Jimmy Carter did the country all that much good with the 55mph speed limit. I don't trust the results of any government survey and I don't believe that the reduced speed limit actually saved this country from the Arab oil embargo of the '70s. Not only that, but I don't believe poking along on a lonely highway at 55mph actually saves all that many lives. How is a person going to develop any driving skills doing that?

It is easy to see the result with all these lumbering SUVs wallowing all over the road around the curves on the highway. I bet most

of those people couldn't take a little Lotus or something (motorcycle?) through the corners at high speed worth a flip. Hell, they can't even hold the big, swaying GMC between the lines going 55. Give me the open road and a bad assed ride anytime. Which, I'll get back to that as soon as I finish with crab skiffs.

Crab skiffs are different from oyster skiffs in that they had narrow side decks and a house in front. At first they were just open boats with no house and some of them are still like that. Crabs and crab traps aren't as heavy as oysters so the boats ran drier. After a while crabs got sort of scarce in inshore water and people started putting a little shelter up on the bow and a steering wheel and electric start and all on them when they had to set out further. Maybe it is that crabbing won't make enough of a man out of somebody so that starting the engine manually is just a flick of the wrist. I don't know. Though I have never done any tonging (that's a clanish and territorial business, not kind to interlopers) I have run crab traps and, to my notion, it is hard work. I have noticed that lot of the men eliminate the battery with an engine that still has a magneto and start it by hand.

The way crab trapping works is that a man saves up enough money to buy a bunch of traps (or makes them himself). He baits them all and loads them in the boat as many as he can carry and still get behind the steering wheel. Then he goes out and sets them where he thinks there will be some crabs at that time of year. The next day he comes back with only one baited trap in the boat, idles up alongside the float of the first trap in the string, pulls the engine in neutral and hooks the warp and pulls the trap out of the shallow water hand over hand. When he gets it on board, he kicks the new trap off the bridge deck between the motor compartment and the belly of the boat and heads for the next trap in the line.

While he is going, he empties the crabs out of the trap and baits it and gets it ready. After he has enough experience, he knows how to set the wheel to compensate for the wind and tide so the boat runs just about at the next trap while he does his doings and about the time he gets through it is time to idle up and pull the next trap. You can tell how much experience a crabber has by noticing how close together his buoys are. A good man can work a lot of traps in just a little while and make some good money, too, but it is a tough way to make a living, particularly in the wintertime, but sometimes stone crabs get in the traps then and that is a

welcome bonus... kind of helps compensate for all them chapped cracks in a man's hands.

So, before Joe Lolly died he had a young apprentice named Bobby Shiver. Bobby was a house carpenter and weekend preacher and a hard worker and very skillful and cheerful. That's why Mr. Lolly picked him from among the many applicants for the job when he got to where he needed a little help to throw a 12' sheet of 3/4" plywood up on the sawhorses (the boats were 3/4" on the bottom and 1/2" on the sides... carefully picked over Douglas fir marine). When Mr. Lolly died, Bobby Shiver started building the boats himself. He changed the model a little bit by eliminating the antiquated looking tumblehome and keeping the same flare all the way back, but the boats were built the same way. They had a heavy duty 2"x pine transom with the boards splined together. Bobby would cull through all the 2"x12"s at the lumber yard to pick the best stuff for that.

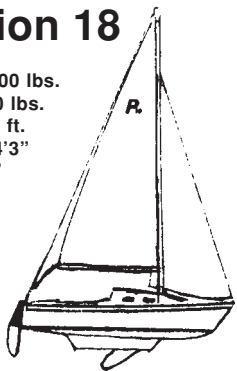
The boats were very heavily framed with cypress sawn frames. The floors were at least 8" high and were notched for the rough 2"x6" keelson and two other longitudinal 2"x6"s. There were (are) limber holes big enough to pass the trash that is associated with the duty. The floorboards are just regular low quality pine plywood meant to be replaced often. Most of the fishermen don't even bother to paint the floorboards.

Why, one might ask, does old, frivolous, lazy, Robb White know so much about those working men's boats? Well, I owned one, that's why. We bought this little sandy plot of land over here on Dog's Island as a speculation back when I was making a little money in some kind of distraction or other as a hedge in case we were to lose the old coast house, and when we did, we were forced to build a little something over here so we would have a little shade. Fortunately, this was back before the damned government got in cahoots with big time development and regulated the building codes so that a person had to be a multimillionaire to comply with them, and we got the plans for this little shanty approved. We had to have some way to haul the whole house over to the island and needed a boat made to carry a heavy load economically.

I got Bobby Shiver to build that boat for us, unpainted. I started to fiberglass it with epoxy to try to preserve the plywood but decided to just use it to haul the materials for the house over to the island and then sell the boat while it was still in good shape. I did prime it with the two part epoxy called Gluvit TM11, which is about the best primer for plywood I've ever found. Though it has a quick evaporating solvent it is a pretty good sealer. Because of the solvent, it is not such a pain in the ass to get smooth as solventless epoxy and it is flexible enough to stand a little swelling and shrinking so it suppresses the checking of the plywood pretty good. I painted the boat with regular oil based marine paint and, since we had bought one of the tiny WWII apartments in Lanark to work out of and planned to keep the boat in the water all the time at the little Lanark Boat Club basin (a friendly outfit... I have been a member off and on since the early '60s) I painted the bottom with that old Trinidad TM which is a vinyl based copper bottom paint that was (is?) the best thing for the conditions of this bay and we hauled her to Carrabelle and slid her off and commenced construction.

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There she is ready to go to work. That's one of the first Nissan (actually Tohatsu... they just wanted a more familiar name for the introduction to the States) outboards imported to the U.S. They were working a deal to put some of them in circulation and that 70 cost less than half of what an OMC 70 cost and was the biggest two cylinder motor I ever saw. That boat would plane more than a thousand board feet of southern yellow pine easily with that engine.

That car is my old Cadillac. I bought it during the Arab oil embargo at a real bargain. Though it was very low mileage and not very old (it is a 1970 model) it went cheap because a man had committed suicide in his garage by lying down in the back seat and leaving the engine running until the plugs fouled and some of the hydraulic valve lifters stuck enough to shut it down. Nobody found him for about a month and most of him was still in the back seat when I bought the car.

After I got it running, I had to gut out all that which made a good cargo area. I also had to leave the top down all the time. The engine of the car was the 472ci, high compression version of the usual 500ci inch Cadillac engine of the time... "high performance" they called it and they were right That was a bad assed ride for real. Of course, all that bad was what finally made the thing useless. It had to have the best of the high test gas to keep the detonation down and after the unleaded project went to working it was impossible to find a high enough octane. The old car loved that Amoco high test... what they used to call "white gas" around here. It loved to drink about a gallon every seven or eight miles taking the curves on old SR 67 at high speed. See what I was trying to tell you?



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## The Avery Point Dory and the EZ-Rower

By Gail E. Ferris

Last Sunday afternoon I got to try my EZ-Rower in an Avery Point Dory in what I thought was supposed to be 10 to 15 knots out of the northeast. Heading south out of the bay in Mystic, Connecticut, with the wind at my back rowing facing forward was not all that demanding, and I slid through the passage to Mason's Island with no problem because I was rowing facing forward. I found myself enjoying being able to take in the upcoming shoreline, comfortably studying the details as I wished without having to worry about smashing into some object had I been rowing in the normal backward method. The EZ-Rower has compound levers mounted to the original oarlock pin holders. I had the EZ-Rower modified from the original shorter oared design to 8' oars as the dory rows best on open water with 7.5' to 8' oars.

I headed east toward more open water where I found some lovely 1' swells from the south combined with the 6" waves from the north. I delighted playing the swells as I headed back north to Mason's Island passage just as if I were in a kayak. The pleasure with playing the swells with oars rather than a paddle is that oars generate more instantaneous thrust, handy for that moment when you want to shoot down the face of a wave. I like that kind of fun playing the waves of open water and letting the boat show her colors.

I especially enjoyed gunkholing behind the islands through a narrow, shallow, rocky passage observing the biota as the large white egrets and grey heron watched me. The birds were not fearful of my presence because the oars do not seem to look nearly as threatening to these weary birds as a kayak paddle. Had I been kayaking I would have had to resort to paddling with a single paddle so as not to flush these fascinating birds.

As I rounded the last peninsula heading for the passage, I found myself beset by a solid 20 knots of wind in my face out of the north. I found myself digging in hard, stroke

after stroke, to make headway. To my relief the EZ-Rower functioned flawlessly and I missed no strokes in the physically demanding conditions. Missing a stroke would have meant several recovery strokes to make up for lost ground, not fun but part of the reality of being out there against 20 knots of wind.

It was a delight to see the landmarks passing by in my tough grind back to the dock. I made it back fine and the grind was not any more physically demanding than if I had been using regular oars. I felt it was even easier rowing facing forward because I could see exactly where I was going and micro adjust for any slight course deviation.

There is one drawback with the EZ-Rower. The oars cannot be feathered, and in 20 knots with a few higher gusts I had a few moments when it would have been good to have had oars which feathered. Ron Rantilla's invention, the FrontRower, does offer self feathering oars; however, the FrontRower does not fit into an Avery Point dory.

I could readily understand, from the intense pleasure I experienced while testing my EZ-Rower, why Maine lobster dories are rowed facing forward. It is much easier to truly see in great detail where one is going and what is out there. The EZ-Rower with 8' oars, which can be purchased from EZ-Rower, 685 Linden St., Taylor Falls, MN 55084, solved my problem of rowing facing forward in a dory.

## EZ Rower Modifications

I devised a system utilizing the EZ-Row in the Avery Dory which allows me to row well-braced utilizing both the power from my arms and upper body and legs in a system similar to the technique used with the FrontRower and as if I were doing sliding seat rowing. To brace my lower back against, I attached a U-shaped length of padded line around my back to the EZ-Rower bracket on the dory gunwale at a position just forward of my knees as I am seated facing forward. For my feet to brace against a U-shaped length of line is attached to the EZ-Rower gunwale bracket running around my feet just off the bottom of the boat.

This rowing technique allows me to lean forward and retract my legs at the catch. The pull on the stroke is executed in stages similar to sliding seat. First, as I begin to pull on the looms, I begin to extend my legs, then follow through by leaning back as I complete the pull by using my back and arms in concert with the extension of my legs. Throughout the stroke my feet are off the floor. My rope slings around my back and feet allow me to row while firmly anchored front to back. I found that I was comfortably able to power the Avery Point dory in 15 to 20 knots of headwind and was able to run downwind under complete control.

I had in mind, from discussing rowing with Doug Martin, that an orthopedic physician had proven that a rower's pelvis must be solidly braced on a solid seat. The design of the original Oarmaster has the defect of large holes in the wood seat beneath the wings of the rower's pelvis. The seat should be of solid wood without these holes. The plank seat on the dory I was rowing was the best pelvic support for my application.

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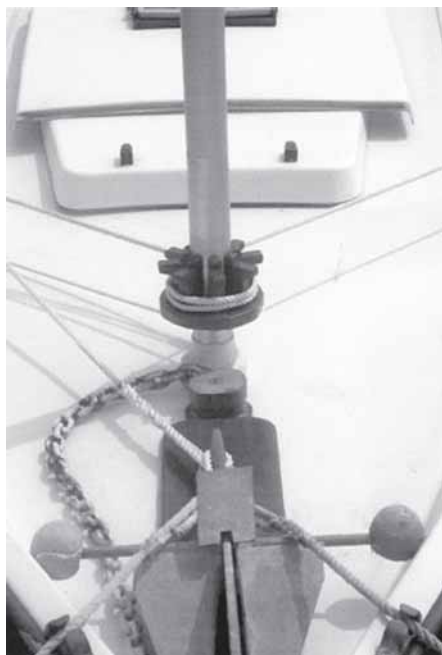


# Modified Sea Pearl Sail Rig

By Ralph G. Eldridge

The Sea Pearl is an unstayed cat ketch boat designed to be used as a camping cruiser; however, I use mine mainly for day sailing. With the passage of time this old sailor has lost much of his agility and must crawl forward on the deck to raise, reef, or lower the foresails. An old sage once said, "Necessity is the mother of invention," and so every sailboat I have owned in recent years has been rigged so that these functions can be performed from the safety of the cockpit. This note outlines a few simple modifications and extra strings that enable the sails to be loosened, reefed, or secured from the safety of the cockpit of my Sea Pearl.

The Sea Pearl is rigged much like several small racing dinghies; that is, the luff of the sail is a sleeve which is drawn down over the mast to where the tack is secured to a conventional gooseneck. The boom is a simple socket type that fits into the gooseneck. When the sail is not in use, it is rolled around the mast by rotating the mast. To use the sail one must rotate the mast with the boom disconnected, then attach the clew of the loose footed sail to the boom outhaul. This requires one to go forward to unroll the mainsail by rotating the mast, attaching the clew to the boom, and mounting the boom in the gooseneck (a chore this old man finds a bit stressful on his knees).



Foremast capstan.

First, I replaced the dinghy rig goosenecks with reefing goosenecks from the builder, Marine Concepts of Tarpon Springs, Florida. Now the mast can be rotated without removing the boom from the gooseneck. Then I built a capstan-like structure around the base of the foremast just above the mast boot (Photo 1). The middle of a 3/8" line is

given two turns around the capstan. Each end of the line is led to a block on the inwale (Photo 2) and then to the cockpit where they are tied together. By pulling on one side, with a little tension on the other to provide friction on the capstan, the foremast is rotated to let the sail out. Two open type jam cleats, one on each side of the bridge deck, are used to hold the capstan line taught after the sail is in position.

Next, the fore mast dinghy vang block/jam cleat is removed and two swivel blocks are mounted on the deck with a common eye strap aft of the mast boot. A block is mounted with an eye strap on the underside of the fore mast boom. The vang line is secured to the boom block, then through one of the deck blocks, back up through the boom block, and then down through the other deck block, where it is led to a block on the inwale and

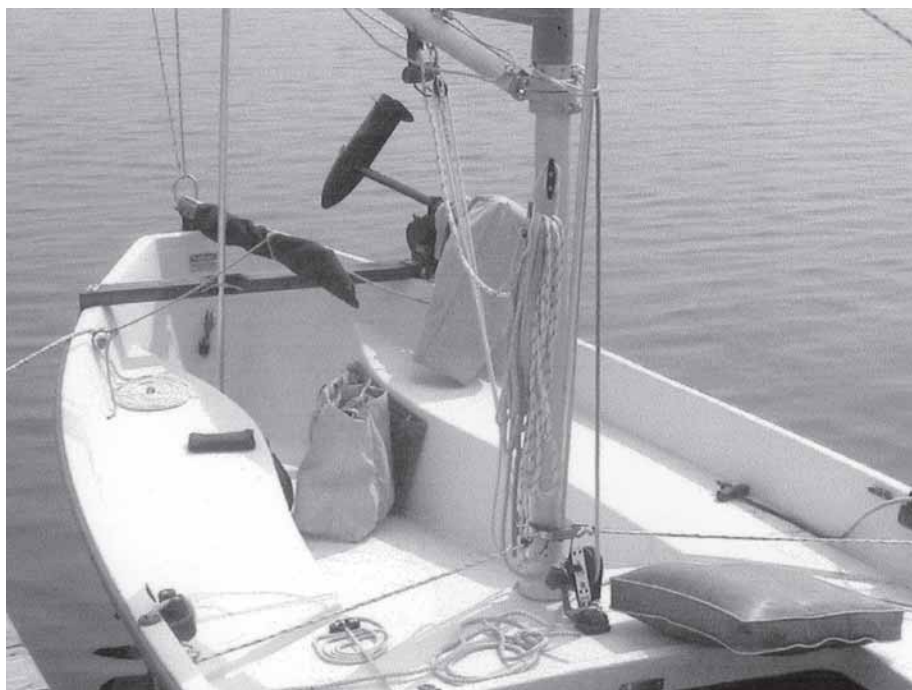
aft to the cockpit through a jam cleat, thereby providing control of the foremast vang. The mizzen mast vang dinghy block/jam cleat is retained but moved down to the bridge deck. Both boom blocks are moved aft on the booms to preserve the proper angle between the masts and booms.

The jam cleat for the main sail outhaul is moved to the aft end of the boom in easy reach from the cockpit. The jam cleat for the mizzen sail outhaul is moved closer to the mast for easier access. In order to keep the clews of both sails attached to the outhauls, boom crutches were installed just forward of the mizzen for the main boom and in the stern for the mizzen boom (Figure 3). With the clews always attached and the ability to raise, reef, and lower sails from the cockpit, it is much easier to get underway for a day's sail.



Foredeck with capstan lines running aft to the cockpit.

Cockpit area.



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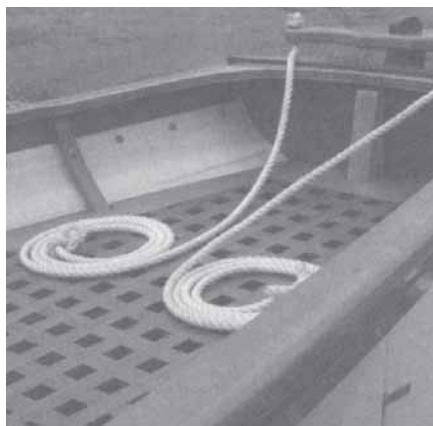
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## From the Shop Floor At the Apprenticeshop

By Meredith Currier Bell, Shop Programs  
 Director



The smell of cedar. Most people notice the smell of cedar before anything else when they walk into the shop. What I notice is the sound. Not of planers, or saws, or draw knives as they go through wood, but the sounds of laughter, silence, or voices discussing how to approach a project.

Imagine, for instance, the moment when Apprentices hear that the project they have been waiting for has finally come through. The silence of anticipation teeters on the edge, then free falls down the face of hearing good news to explode at the bottom into peals of laughter and cheers. Or, imagine the pensive whisper of someone speaking to herself about how to build a rudder, uplifted by the strong tenor of someone who has done it before offering a bit of advice.

These sounds of apprenticing have become familiar to me over the past three years. In fact, they had become so familiar that I didn't even notice them for awhile. But this year, I began to hear them again. The sound that brought me back was the amusement of new apprentices working with old to get projects done to improve the Shop. The crew that built the lofting table enclosure under the stairs was clearly audible outside my window laughing about their task. I don't even know what it was exactly that got them going.

These sounds of the Shop remind me that the boats we build inspire, but do not create, the din which I love. The Murray Peterson Old Gaffer and the Carney 24, opposite each other on the bottom floor, have already evoked the silence of sighting a fair line on the lofting table. They will cause the low rumble of discussion around spiling a carvel plank and most excited heights of yelling when frames are pulled from the steambox.

The Joel White Nutshell Pram and Orvil Young Sailing Whitehall upstairs will bring on the silent whisper of lapstrake bevel calculations and the giddy laughter of shucking ear muffs at the end of a day of riveting. The boats may plant the seed for a sound, but the apprentices are the source and nourishment behind their existence.

We have begun our new winter season productively. Anyone walking into the Shop can see the new floor, several walls, and a few benches that stand at the ready. Or they can curiously eye the cryptic lines of lofting. But if they really wanted to notice the productivity of early fall, they would open their ears to apprentices talking and learning together. Our group this year is really quite remarkable at producing sound indicative of enjoyment and genuine enthusiasm.

The smell of cedar is nice, but hearing each crew's opus as they conduct symphonies inspired by their project this is my favorite part of fall.

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Stuart K. Hopkins, sole prop



## Spars

By spars I refer to the mast, boom, and gaff. If expense is not to be considered, then proprietary aluminium alloy spars are available, but apart from the fearful price of the things, I do not think I am alone in finding parallel tubes of metal offensive to the eye. There is also the problem of attaching bits and bobs to them, and the noise of tapping lines also offends. For economy I recommend the use of solid round wood spars. I have heard of a method of making T-section masts out of two planks and of tripod masts of small diameter metal tubing, but I feel that masts should look like masts and not resemble demented Meccano sets or builders' planks. I forget where the quote comes from, but one *Yachting Classic* records that, "Straight is the line of duty, curved is the line of Beauty." This keeps me with round bilge boats instead of hard chine.

Due to an unfortunate accident when a 2500-ton ship broke away and ran amok amongst the Club moorings, I had to replace all three main spars on my boat. My enquiries round the local Lancashire woodyards brought forth the intelligence that Sitka spruce was unobtainable in England and that some other wood should be considered. As Sitka spruce is considered to be the ideal, I looked into the question of direct supply. I went north to Grisedale, in the Lake District, and asked the head forester there at the Forestry Commission if he had any. He replied that he had 200 or 300 acres of the stuff. I told him my purpose and he invited me to choose my trees. In the following week he had them felled and I collected them a few days later.

I stored the wood horizontally, resting on ladders, for as long as I could. This period was about ten months but ideally should have been two years. During this time the bark was left on. I de-barked one piece for the gaff, using a drawknife, planed it square, and found that it twisted but did not have any shakes. Shakes are longitudinal shallow splits and are not harmful, apart from the danger of fresh water lodging in them and assisting rot. When shakes occur I guard against rot by swabbing them with Cuprinol. It is vital that shakes are not filled with hard stopper, as this causes them to extend in length and width. If the wood splits other than along the grain, that does mean trouble and the piece should be discarded.

When seasoning is complete, or as long as circumstances permit, then spar making can be undertaken. This is one of the most rewarding jobs in boat maintenance. The bark is removed using a drawknife. This is the proper tool for the job and although new ones are obtainable, a second (or tenth) hand one may be found in an old joiner's shop. Breaking off work at regular intervals and giving the edge a few strokes with a scythe stone to keep it keen facilitates the use of a drawknife. The hallmark of the old-time professional woodworker was the frequent break to resharpen edge tools.

When all the bark has been removed, the next step is to clean off any knot stubs. I tried to use an adze but am not expert enough, so I resorted to a large chisel and mallet. When the knots and stubs have been cleaned off and the piece is reasonably straight, it is laid along a plank, or a ladder will do, and planed as flat as possible on one side. If a friendly

# Budget Sailing For the Impecunious

## Part 4

By Alvana Eames

neighbourhood joiner allows you to use his planing machine, the task is much eased. Having planed one side, the piece is turned over on to the flat side and the opposite side is planed off. This work is then repeated on the other two sides until you have a square section. It appears odd that you have first to square off a round tree and afterwards round it off again, but as one old joiner told me, "You have to make it square to make it round again."

Once the piece is square it is time to apply whatever taper is desired. Most masts taper from the gooseneck down to the step, and also up, with ideally a more pronounced taper above the point where the gaff jaws bear, up to the masthead. Gaffs and gunter yards are generally thicker in the middle and taper towards each end, whilst booms are usually parallel in section. After the spar has been squared off and the desired taper applied, the next stage is to bring the spar back to round. This is done with the use of a jig.

The spar-maker's jig is simple to make. Take a piece of wood 14" x 1" x 1/2" and at the 3-1/2" and the 8-1/2" points drill two holes to take two pencils. At each end of the marked 12" drive a 2" nail right home with the points protruding. The pencils should have stubby blunt tips and not protrude too far, or more time will be spent on sharpening than using them. The jig is placed on one of the planed and tapered faces, twisted until the two nails touch each side, then drawn along the spar from end to end. This leaves two pencil marks and the operation is repeated on all four sides. The corners are then planed off down to the pencil marks, leaving the spar with eight sides and still tapered. It is then a simple task to plane off the eight corners to leave a 16-sided spar, then again to make 32 sides. The final rounding is done with coarse sandpaper, or a hollow bottomed plane if you possess one. Professional time-served joiners express amazement at the finished article, finding it hard to believe that an amateur with hand tools can achieve such a result.

After the woodwork is completed comes the job of applying the necessary fitments. On a mast these comprise the step, the gooseneck, and the masthead fitting. I spent a little time thinking about the latter, eventually arriving at the following. A ring is the basis, laid on tightly and preferably against a bit of a shoulder, to prevent pulling down. Then I needed eyes for the stays, etc. I had my masthead fitting capped with a solid plate to protect the end grain of the wood. Eyes for the forestay and shrouds could have been butt-welded, but as there was a plate capping I was able to extend the welds onto the top for a stronger job.

The peak halliard is generally shackled to the after side of the masthead, but this does not give a fair lead when the mainsail is squared off. In practice, when on a dead run, with the boom hard against the shroud, the yard is well forward of the boom due to the unavoidable twist in the sail. I therefore made

the after eyelet in the form of a large hoop in a horizontal plane to give a fairer lead to the peak halliard. I had mine made from stainless steel, but mild steel would be just as good if it were galvanised after all operations were completed. One countersunk hole is made for a single fixing screw, through the side of the ring, and even that is not vital as the downward pull of the stays holds it firmly on.

It does need careful fitting to the mast, however, and before finally whacking it on with a hammer, it is a good idea to give the top of the mast a good swabbing with water-repellent wood preserver. This, in addition to the metal capping, should prevent any possibility of water getting into the endgrain with the subsequent risk of rot.

To avoid too big a cluster of shackles at the masthead, I used small cheek blocks for the twin topping lifts. On the market there are some small cheek blocks used by racing dinghies for spinnaker sheets, and these are ideal. In practice, though, loose blocks with shackles do seem to give a much better lead to the topping lifts.

On my original mast, supplied by the builder of my boat, there was a sheave mortised into the mast, near the top, which I used for the throat halliard. The sheave was made from solid bronze and weighed the best part of half a pound. This weight at the masthead offended me, so on the new mast I used a nylon sheave weighing only an ounce or two. This was turned up from a nylon castor sold for fitting to workshop machinery and was obtained from my local ex-government shop.

One more innovation was to put a wrapping of glassfibre around the mast where the gaff jaws rub. This extended for about 3' and the appearance is very similar to that of varnish. Varnish quickly rubs away where the jaws bear, but the glassfibre lasts a lot longer.

Fittings for gunter yards or gaffs are very simple. The jaws are the main difficulty. Metal ones are hard to find, but if they can be obtained they need a lining of leather, which is then given a good lathering of tallow. Tallow can be hard to get, too, but very often can be had from plumbers who used to use it for wiping joints in lead pipes. If metal gaff jaws cannot be found, then wooden ones can be made up, preferably from ash, which should also be leather lined. I have also recently found that elbow crutches have a suitable plastic piece (which clips around the arm) and would be strong enough for the task, if such a thing could be found.

Gaff jaws require some means of holding close to the mast, and the answer is to use a short line with parrel beads. Ideally these are made from wood and can be difficult to find. One source is to cannibalise one of those beaded seat covers often used by taxi-drivers. The things can often be seen on car boot (garage) sales at minimal cost. I put mine into a jam jar with some linseed oil and gave them a shake every time I passed until I was ready to use them.

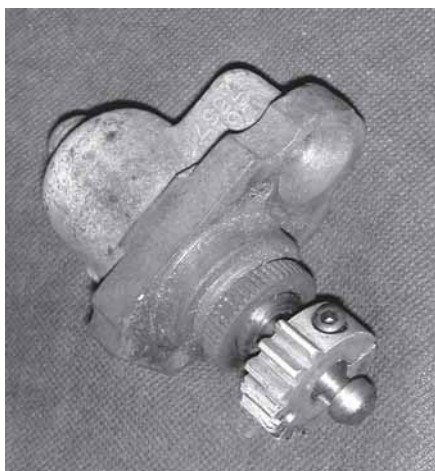
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You know, it seems like all these people whose products I endorse would send me a little remuneration, don't it? I mean, what happened to the good old American adage that, "One hand washes the other?" Anyway, I have publicly endorsed a bunch of products that I find are pretty good. Here just lately, I wrote a story for *Maine Boats & Harbors* (Peter H. Spectre, ed...almost as tolerant of literary aberration as the editor of this magazine) about how wonderful the old Aladdin kerosene lamps are. I just plain out called them the best non-electric light in the whole world.

Despite how skeptical old Yankees might be about somebody like me expressing an opinion of any sort in such a "Down East" magazine, my offer of supplementary operating instructions (for an SASE) at the end of the thing caused such a pile up at the post office that I had to enlist the aid of several of my granddaughters to stuff envelopes. Many of the subscribers of the magazine said they needed the additional instructions because they were ordering a lamp from Aladdin.



This is a complete Caterpillar injection pump. The fuel comes in to the side to the right and is pumped out the top (opposite the gear in the picture). That gear on the bottom of the pump is what the rack rotates to regulate the volume of fuel injected. The little knob looking thing below the gear is where the camshaft rider pushes the plunger. The knurled piece above it is what retains the replaceable hardened steel bore. Plungers and bores come as a matched pair. They are carefully hand lapped at the factory to a very close fit and cost a pretty penny. Old time marine engineers will root around in their box of old pumps and find a pair of parts where the plunger is slightly oversized for the bore and lap them in themselves. This results in a slightly different displacement of the pump but, you see that Allen screw? That allows minute adjustment to the gear segment on the plunger to compensate for just such as that. Old time marine engineers set that gear by the use of individual exhaust temperature pyrometers for each cylinder. Folks don't do things like that anymore... they just let them loose. That critical engine component only has two moving parts... the plunger and a steel ball check valve. You can see why I like Diesel equipment. Imagine what all can go wrong with electronic fuel injection in a car. "Check Engine" my ass.

## Marvel Mystery Oil

By Robb White

Of course, one person wrote a scathing letter to the editor saying that I had misled everybody and the lamps were dangerous and that he had tried to master them for eight years and almost burned his house down several times. The magazine asked me if I wanted to respond and I had to demur because the only thing I could think of to say was that there are plenty of little children in the Third World who can master one of the lamps and most of them can do it in less than eight years without burning down their palm thatched shanties.

Anyway, do you think Aladdin sent me a couple of extra wicks? Hell, no. They sent a notice saying that they were no longer offering a dealer discount for dealers who hardly ever bought anything and that Robb White & Sons Marine Supply fit into that category so I might as well shop True Value. To be fair, I can't blame Aladdin. They are up there in Tennessee and have no idea that there are any boats and harbors "down east" so the have no idea what a hell of a benefactor they have "up west" in Georgia.

Anyway, it is funny how devoted free thinking old people are to certain commercial products...especially when they think they have discovered a use for the product that is not what the manufacturer intended. I cite Dave Carnell's remedy for fungal infections of any kind...antifreeze. It works, too, I tell you. You can cure the most resistant ancient case of athlete's foot or toenail infection by soaking your feet in antifreeze. Given that, I wonder if the jockey itch can be cured by wearing one of those geriatric diapers they advertise so smugly on the TV soaked in antifreeze? Like the antifreeze you soaked your feet in, you wouldn't have to waste it, either. You could just wring out the diaper in a pan and put the juice in your car. You wouldn't want anybody to see you doing that, though... might start a fad based on an erroneous assumption.

Do you know that a swipe or two with a rag wet with Coca Cola will completely eliminate windshield wiper streaks? Of course, this information is an anachronism but brake fluid will re-rejuvenate old vacuum style windshield wipers motors and do the same thing for a worn-out typewriter ribbon and, if you reverse the ribbon so that the part with the holes where the keys hit for lower case letters are on the top where the capital letters line up, it'll go a good bit longer. A quart of automatic transmission fluid added to the oil will clean old stopped up hydraulic valve lifters on an automobile engine, too.

I am waiting to find some use for those new drugs which are supposed to make an old man jump up like when he was 18 years old. I don't think the prescribed use would work except for people who had absolutely no sense of humor whatsoever. I mean it is hard to perform a function for which you have been artificially prepared when you are in a state of naturally induced hysterics over the ridiculousness of the thing.

Marvel Mystery oil is one of those products that they used to say provided "upper cylinder lubrication" to prevent the wear that

they say occurs when an engine is started after the oil has run down out of the top part. Old men who were concerned with that sort of thing used to fit these little dispensers to put a little bit in there with the valves to prevent that. I have worked on old engines that were not fitted with such nonsense all my life and I don't think it is necessary because where cylinders wear out is at the bottom where the connecting rod angle tries to slap the piston sideways.

But I do love Marvel Mystery oil. It has such a wonderful smell. Before I discovered Japanese water stones, I used to lubricate my oil stones with it. I still do that with my hard, black, surgical Arkansas stone to put the final touch on a tool, and I don't think anything else will put such a wicked edge on there. I bet when I am lying in my final coma on my death bed, if somebody were to put a finger moistened with Marvel Mystery oil under my nose, my old, useless hands would involuntarily give a few final strokes to an imaginary blade. If I were to attend a re-enactment of old marine engineers, I would dab a little smear of Marvel Mystery oil on my earlobes to lend an air of credibility to the proceedings like Elizabeth Taylor does with perfume when she has to go to a gathering of legendary beauties of the silver screen.

You know, about the only thing that can go wrong with a properly maintained diesel engine is stuck injectors. The way they work is that the fuel is pumped into them under enormous pressure by a marvelously simple and beautifully made little injection pump through thick steel tubes going from each cylinder of the pump to each of the injectors. When the pressure in the tube gets high enough, it overpowers a strong spring and raises a little plunger in the injector, opens the nozzle, and a finely atomized spray of fuel is squirted into the cylinder where a lot of air is compressed into such a small space (there is nothing between the top of the piston and the cylinder head of a "direct injection" diesel engine but a whole cylinder of air squeezed down into a space the thickness of the head gasket) that the air is hot enough to ignite the fuel and the superheated oxygen completes the combustion most efficiently.

The plungers in the injection pump that actually pump the fuel are so closely fitted to their bores and so intimately lubricated by the fuel they pump that, if that fuel is clean, they last forever. The injectors to which they pump the fuel, are built that same way and are lubricated by fuel, too. If the injectors didn't have to be mounted with their noses sticking down where the fuel is ignited, a diesel engine would be a hundred percent reliable.

Even given the problem of the immense heat and carbon contamination from the combustion of the fuel at the tip of the injectors, such an engine is still almost a hundred percent reliable unless the person running it is too insensitive to notice when it starts skipping and smoking and just keeps running it until it is skipping and smoking on so many cylinders that it cuts off. What causes that is injector plungers stuck by fuel which has cooked into solid carbon. Injectors can either stick closed or open. If they stick open the fuel is just dribbled into the combustion chamber and doesn't fire off right and so it doesn't burn clean. The engine seems to run pretty good when it is working but it smokes worse and skips at idle. If the plunger is stuck



closed (which is a rare thing) it doesn't inject at all and that cylinder is dead.

On most engines, throttling is achieved by varying the volume of fuel pumped to the injectors by rotating all the pump plungers with a toothed rack working on gears on the end of the plungers themselves. A spiral groove on each plunger lines up with the inlet hole to vary the volume of fuel pumped with each stroke to throttle the engine. It is complicated to explain in words but if you could see how it was made you would instantly understand.

On certain engines (old industrial duty Caterpillars for one) the injection pumps are little individual things mounted down in the V of the engine (driven by lobes on the camshaft) and the amount of fuel injected is varied by rotating the plungers of the injectors by a long rack running all the way down the whole length of the engine. This has advantages and disadvantages. It is easier to take the little short separate tubes off to pull injectors on an engine with individual pumps, whereas on one with a side mounted pump, all that interconnected dammit nest of tubing has to come off of there.

While I am on the subject of injector tubing, never overtighten injector fittings... just enough to stop the leak is the rule. If you overtighten you'll deform the soft steel nose that acts like a ferrule and next time you have to do it you will really have to overtighten it and the next time you won't be able to stop the leak and will have to buy a whole new tube (Mr. Deere will be delighted to see you coming) and fit it into the dammit nest which is a job. Unlike the usual side mounted injection pump, these individual pumps are exposed to engine crankcase fumes (and the gurry that they deposit) and are susceptible to sticking so the rack can't turn the plunger.

Usually, when you think a pump is trying to stick you can throttle back and the engine will cut back and stick at idle or shut down, but in a rare case it won't. On a tug you can just keep on going until the engineer shuts off the fuel, but on something like a feed mill you damn sure better keep on feeding the corn to it, and if you don't think you can do that fast enough to keep enough load on the engine until it finds out that the fuel has been shut off, you better drop the fork and run because a runaway hammer mill is a terrible thing.

Whew, it's bad when things get out of control ain't it? I meant to just explain that Marvel Mystery oil has a marvelous way of unsticking injectors but now that we are here (you are welcome to leave), an experienced man can touch each injector tube with his finger and find out which one has a stuck plunger just by the feel of the fuel pulsing through the thick steel tubing (you can feel the snap of the injector plunger, I am told...I wouldn't know). Then he can take that one injector out and pull the stuck plunger with a little puller and, if it isn't damaged, clean the carbon off the very hard steel with Marvel Mystery oil and steel wool (or my favorite, crocus cloth) and clean it perfectly clean and put it back together and she'll run like brand new if a burned nozzle wasn't what started the trouble to begin with.

Me, I always put in a reworked injector and then rework the one I took out with a new nozzle and a spring calibrated for the correct pressure. On a 16-cylinder Caterpillar that

won't even run any more, a single stuck pump is aggravating. Not only do you have to take off all that tubing for all 16 pumps and injectors, you have to get them unclogged from the rack without losing track of which tooth went where. Fortunately, if you wait for the engine to cool off, the stuck pump plunger will usually loosen up enough to turn a little bit and the engine will restart and run long enough for the Marvel Mystery oil that you filled the final filter can with to get up there and clean the bad injector or pump (and all the others).

It is a good trick. We used to periodically pull the hose off the inlet for the final filter (some boats have a mechanically driven centrifugal primary fuel filter...a marvelous thing) and let the engine suck about half a gallon of Marvel Mystery oil. Diesel engines just love Marvel Mystery oil. Even if there is an idle lobe from one of the cylinders being more wore out than the others, it'll even right out when it is drinking Marvel Mystery oil.

The other day the little Kubota in the Rescue Minor went to skipping while we were idling up the river. Only missed two or three licks and then went back to running well but it worried me. Normally, on a nearly new engine like this, such a thing is caused by a little air leak on the suction side of the fuel system. I usually like a little section of clear vinyl hose in such a situation so I can look for bubbles but this is a marine situation and cheap vinyl tubing has no place in an enclosed engine room where it is liable to sprout a heat embolism and pour fuel into the bilges, so I have it all in real fuel hose and metal tubing. Though it skipped one or two times more I decided to wait until I got back to the shop to run the leak down.

I put on a bunch of hose clamps (no need to hose clamp most fuel tubing) and I thought I had it, too, because I couldn't get any bubble from anyplace at all with my little vacuum pump but, as soon as we got cranked up to come over to the island again, the little engine started skipping. I pulled the box and quickly ascertained that the intermittent skip was on injector #2 because if I cracked the line on either #1 or #3, then when two skipped the engine would cut off but if I cracked #2 it would continue to run. See?

Anyway, I was fixing to pull the injector right there drifting out the mouth of the river, but I remembered a quart of special Mercedes Benz fuel treatment stuff my parts dealer gave me for being such a good customer and helping him get rid of all those old obsolete spare parts he is storing. It has been rolling around in the foot of the car for three years. We idled back (on two cylinders) and I trotted to the car and got it and took the fuel filter off and poured the contents (dirt and all) back in the tank and filled the bowl with this Mercedes stuff and bled to the pump and she fired right off and, after 20 revolutions, the stuck injector freed up and she has been running right ever since.

Does that mean that I think Mercedes knows a thing or two about a thing or two? Hell, yes. I think they know about Marvel Mystery oil. That stuff in the Mercedes can smelled just exactly like my ear when I go to an old marine engineer's reunion. I bet Marlene Dietrich used it behind her ears.

An interesting thing: This last week when I was at the shop working (?) the three days a week I allot for that purpose, I had the propeller off the Rescue Minor because I had

noticed a little electrical corrosion on there and I wanted to spray the shaft and hub with that zinc primer they call "Cold Galvanizing" which serves as a real good sacrificial anode (though short lived). You know I don't believe in dragging extra stuff in the water at high speed so you won't catch me with no zinc egg ahead of my propeller. Anyway, my nine-year-old granddaughter has gotten onto a binge of polishing stuff and she polished the propeller of the Rescue Minor. She uses my Chinese Foredom flexible shaft tool knock off (cost less than a hundred bucks and the real thing costs four hundred...look out "Made in USA") and little felt buffs and has polished a bunch of things with it.

You ought to try it sometime. If you use Brasso™ (which they say will cure warts) on the buff and take advantage of the variable speed foot feed for the tool to keep from slinging much of it on you, you can polish a propeller in short order. When we got back to the coast, with that wheel gleaming like a diamond in a goat's ass up under there, we ran



This is the plunger out of that same pump lying beside the pretty penny. Believe it or not, this little thing can pump 1/16th of the fuel for a thousand horsepower engine. The stroke is only from the top (the end without the gear) of the plunger to the first groove. The second groove is just to hold fuel to lubricate the plunger. You can see the spiral groove that regulates the fuel volume pumped at each stroke. The way it works is that the fuel comes through a little hole in the side of the bore and that groove determines when that hole is closed as the plunger rises. Until the hole is closed the pump just pumps fuel back where it came from. If the injector is rotated all the way clockwise, the hole is never closed and the engine shuts down. If it is rotated all the way counterclockwise (about 130 degrees) the hole is only uncovered at the very bottom of the stroke and the engine runs wide open. I don't know if you can see it or not, but there is a tiny nick in the side of the plunger connected to the groove. That is a calibration nick ground in there by hand at the factory to adjust the injector to compensate for any slight variability of the machining of the groove. Ain't ancient technology wonderful?

all over the place and really chalked up the hours on the hour meter and, when I got back and filled back up, I noticed that it took two-tenths of a gallon less than I expected. I guess you never get too old to learn a little bit. I read somewhere that a rotating shaft exposed to the water creates a lot more drag on both the boat and the engine than a shaft that is not rotating because the naked shaft acts like a centrifugal pump.

You know Atkin made a fetish of sticking the propeller way out behind the sternpost on all his motorboats. I wonder what would happen to the fuel consumption if I were to

shroud that exposed shaft. I found out that if you shut down the output side of a centrifugal pump, it takes a lot less hp to turn it, so the fact that the shaft is still turning in water inside the shroud tube ought not to drag all that bad if it can't pump the water anywhere. Dang, what if I let it pump a little to feed the exhaust? Whew, y'all. What happened to the old American adage, "If it ain't broke, don't fix it?"

Another interesting thing: About a year or so ago I mentioned in a rare political statement in this magazine that the local National Guard outfit, the 1148th Transportation Unit,

was being shipped off to Iraq. Well, they are on their way back as I write this...one year, three months, and 17 days after they left. They are all regular old working people...moms and dads and grandmamas and grand-daddies. I know a good many of them. They are lucky (so far) and are all coming back. There will be a parade to welcome them home. Jane and I are taking our youngest granddaughter. She will wave the same little flag that Jane waved on VJ Day. Of course it isn't VJ Day yet, but it is a victory for the 1148th Transportation Unit.

It was calm enough last August to get a little more information about fuel consumption figures on the Rescue Minor and I have had to revise my opinion. Because of the currents in this bay (Apalachee Bay...the second biggest estuary in the U.S. to the Chesapeake) it is impossible to get a real accurate indication of the speed through the water, but the GPS tells me what it is doing across the bottom and also gives me an idea of the speed and direction of the currents. I used to just watch the deviations of the wake while I steered straight, but that GPS tells a lot more. I have learned a lot of oceanography here lately. Because I don't actually know the exact speed through the water for any length of time, all I can do is figure how many gallons per hour the engine burns and just kind of eyeball that into miles per gallon.

At first I thought the most economical speed was the slowest the boat would go and still leave the least wake. That was 10.5 knots on the GPS average. I got to where I could listen to the engine and get right on it even though I don't have a tachometer. At that, I think I will explain what I think about instrumentation on boats. I used to refuse to operate an inboard boat if it didn't have a temperature gauge and an oil pressure gauge, not only on the engine but the transmission, too. One of them is sort of hard to maintain in long service because hydraulic transmissions (Velvet Drives and old Paragons) run some 400psi oil pressure and it varies so that, unless you have a real small orifice in the line, the needle on the gauge vibrates so bad that it soon fatigues the metal in the Bourbon tube. If you do have a real small orifice in the line

## More Fuel Mileage Figures

By Robb White

it is going to stop up and make you have to do a lot of unnecessary work down in the bilges with a bunch of hot machinery so you can feel comfortable again.

I don't like hydraulic transmissions. No commercial boats run them because they are apt to leak and they drag back on the engine pumping all that oil all the time...try to turn one by hand sometime. I don't know what small commercial boats run now but the favorite in my day was the old Twin Disc which was just a straight gearbox with two clutches...one for forward and the other for reverse. The gears were in cog all the time. You just chose which link up you wanted with the clutches. They were about bullet proof and didn't require much oil cooler like hydraulic transmissions do. About the only advantage to a hydraulic transmission is that you can change directions while the engine is running wide open without hurting anything, but who wants to do that besides a bulldozer operator?

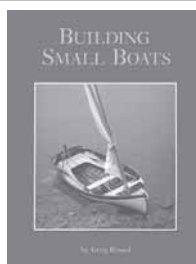
Anyway, the little Hurth is the best small boat gearbox other than some proprietary brand built by the engine company like Volvo or Yanmar. So first I did away with the transmission oil pressure gauge, then the engine oil pressure gauge. I mean, what you going

to do if the oil pressure drops in a boat...walk home? A gear style oil pump is one of the most reliable pieces of machinery ever built and my theory is that, if there isn't black oil all in the bilges of the engine room, it must still be in the engine and I bet it is being pumped, too. An oil pressure gauge is just a diagnostic tool to estimate crankshaft wear, and who among you has ever worn out the bearings on a marine engine?

My oil pressure gauge is the dipstick. I don't have a temperature gauge, either. I know what antifreeze smells like. Ammeter...child please...I know what burnt up wire smells like. The only thing hooked to the engine of the Rescue Minor is the throttle and the hour meter. Of course, that is just hooked to the engine room blower switch.

But it is a good thing to have. I know a lot now. One thing I found out is that the most economical speed is as fast as the boat will go. The gallons per hour is about the same under any planing condition. I mean, it burns a little bit less than half a gallon (.46, .48... like that) an hour no matter what the speed is. I have better than a hundred hours on there now and the total consumption is the same as figuring it day to day.

Of course, I am way underpropped and I know, if I had the right wheel, the gas consumption would go up if I ran it as fast as it would go, but the boat will run 15.5 knots like it is and that's too fast for me. You know my favorite skiff speed is 12.5 knots and that's what we have been running now that we have the weather for it Figure it out for yourself. That's damn good gas mileage for a boat, ain't it?



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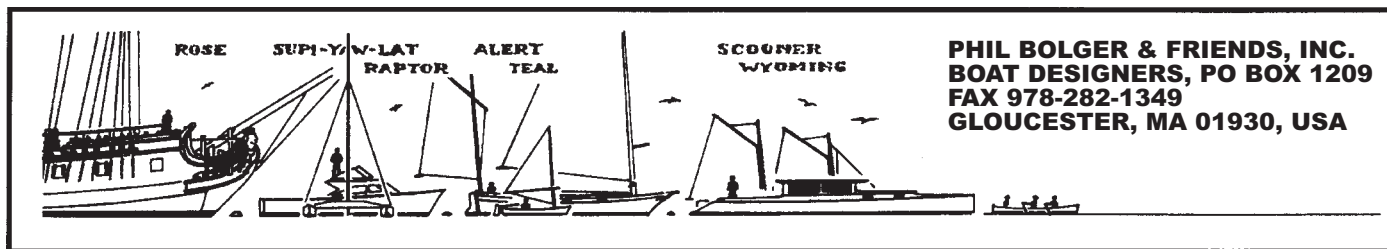
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It was my good luck to be introduced to Claud Worth's great book *Yacht Cruising* close to 60 years ago. It's a mine of stimulation and has some of the best cruising stories I've ever read. The following passage intrigued me for many years:

"We designed a boat 8' long, 3'8" broad, and 1'4" deep inside, and with a very flat floor (I assume the boat was lapstrake and that the bow was pointed, as he would have made note of it otherwise. PB). The planking was perfectly clean grained yellow pine (elsewhere in the book it's made clear that he means what we call white pine, imported from North America. PB), sawn 1/4" thick, the garboards were elm and the sheer strake mahogany, the timbers were ash 1/2" x 1/4", and extended

## Bolger on Design W.O.S.T. Pram Tender "Wood Oil Saturation Technique" Design #442

in one piece from gunwale to gunwale except at the bow and stern.

The timbers were spaced 3" and there was one plank fastening between each pair. Beside the main keel there were two little bilge keels, each 3' long, to take the chafe in landing on a beach. The center thwart was omitted as we wished to carry the boat cap-sized over the skylight. A square box was used instead, a movable thwart would have been better. Green (Worth's partner in the cruising boat. PB) built the boat himself in his lodgings at Hammersmith with only occasional help from a local boatbuilder.

When it was finished, a gallon of linseed oil (not boiled oil) was poured into it. Each day the boat was moved about so that the oil soaked into every part of it. At first the boat leaked a little. But it soon "took up" just as if it had been soaked in water, with the advantage that it did not open again when the oil dried. In the course of two or three weeks the oil penetrated the planking and hung like little beads of dew on the outside. Then the superfluous oil was mopped out and the boat was stood up on end to dry.

The oil made the plank translucent so that the shadow of one's hand could be plainly

seen through the wood. Wood treated in this way becomes very tough and quite waterproof. In almost a fortnight it appears to be dry and is quite ready for use. But two or three months are required for the oil to become oxidized throughout the whole thickness of the wood. A coat of varnish then gives a fine hard surface. If the varnish is put on too soon the oil lifts it in little blisters. But the wood is quite able to take care of itself without additional protection."

He goes on to describe how the boat worked out, but that's the part that held my attention. You can take it that when Claud Worth writes a statement within his personal experience, it is so.

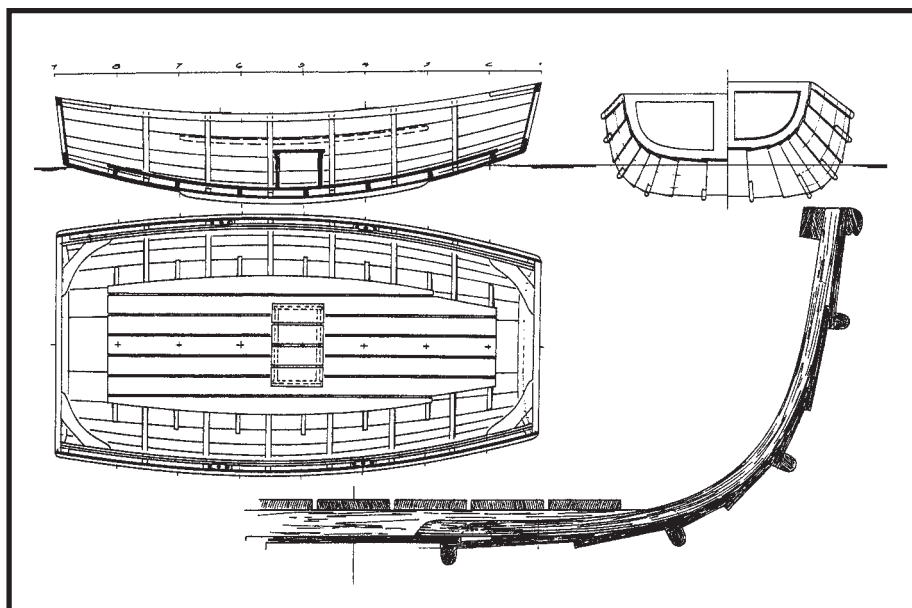
I finally had to do something about it and ordered this design to be built by Bradford Story. He made his usual nice job of it, and he got interested and took pains with the soaking. The catch was that there was no high grade white pine handy, so we used Eastern cedar.

We persevered for months trying to get the effect Worth described, and finally reached the point where if you looked at the inside against the sun, the light appeared through the wood in a lovely ruby red glow. The glow showed only here and there. Perhaps if we'd put it in a pressure chamber at the right point the red glow would have shown all over it. That would have been a great showpiece, but no doubt the point was that the cedar was not the right material to get the full effect, too much color in it, it seems, though that color did make a beautiful sight as far as it went.

The boat itself was very good. It was a little heavy, a two-man lift to carry around easily. This was partly due to the weight of the oil it had soaked up as it was noticeably lighter before we started to soak it. Otherwise it rowed well, as one photo shows. I'm just about to take a stroke, and the boat is still going fast from the previous stroke with the bow disturbance all going under her. It was very stiff and stable for its size, as the second photo shows, I could stand in any corner of it without coming close to dumping it. It was less trouble to build than many similar boats because there weren't any quick bends in the clinker planking.


It was quite elegant to look at as prams go. The last time I saw it, it was in tow of a 36' Francis Herreshoff canoe stern auxiliary that Brad had also built; it looked most appropriate. It was too upscale for me to want to keep. A plywood box boat using the same deck space does everything practically as well, and some things better, at a lot less first cost and concern about damage or theft. But I'm glad it found a good home.

Plans of the lapstrake pram tender, our Design #442, are available for \$50.00 to build one boat, ppd. First Class Mail, from Phil Bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.



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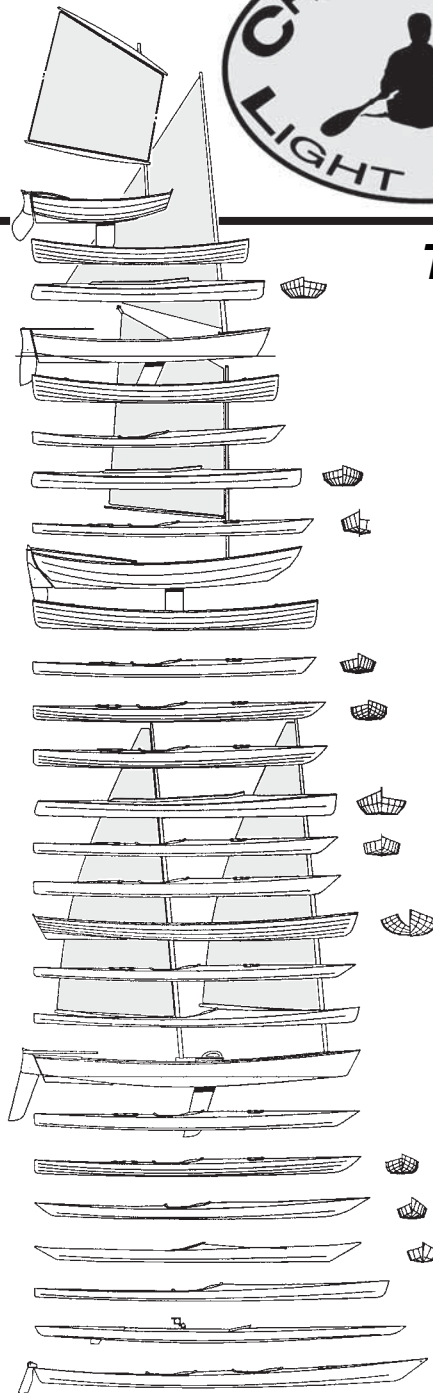
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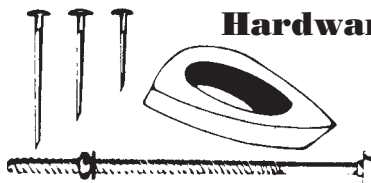
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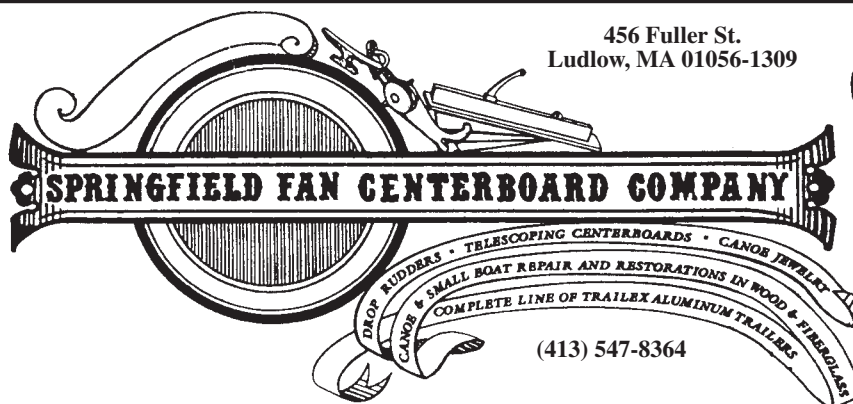
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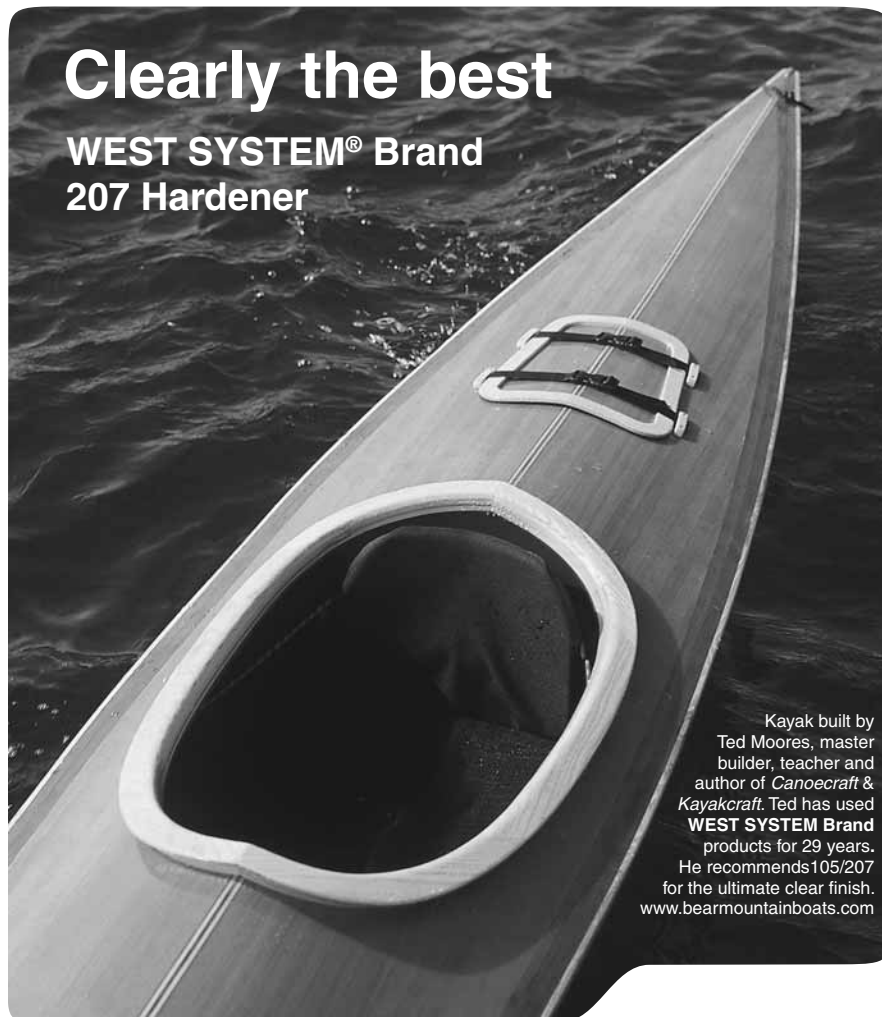
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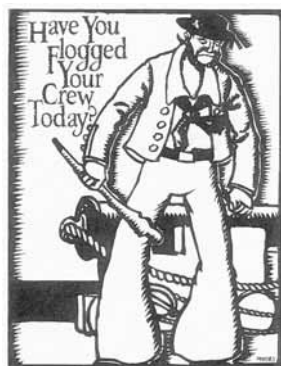
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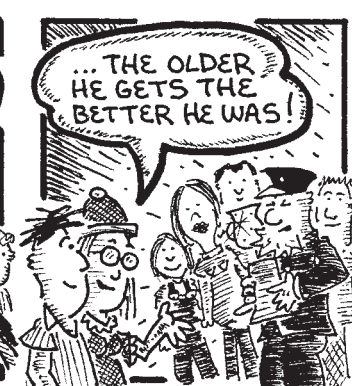
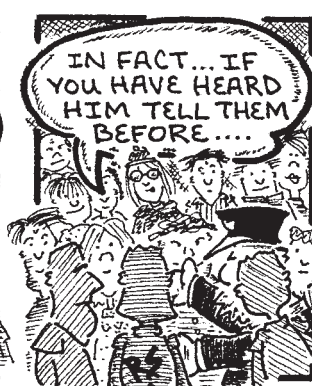
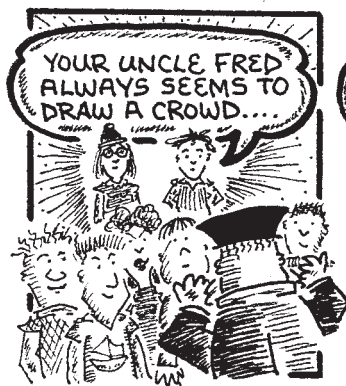




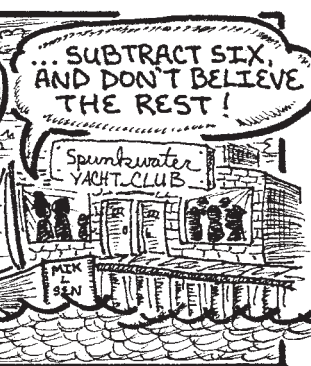
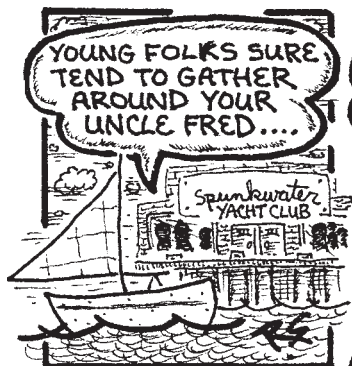
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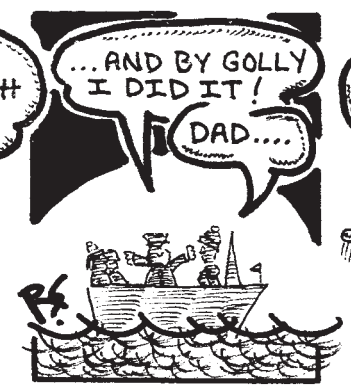
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